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THE MODULUS
1918

Edna Cook-'18

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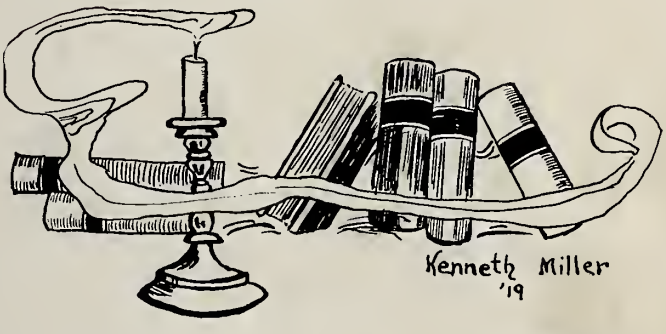

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THE HUNTINGTON HERALD. HUNTINGTON
PRINTERS

MODUS

Nineteen Hundred Eighteen

Seventh Annual
of
Senior Class
Huntington High School

A WORD BEFORE

Not even the well-worn excuse "On account of the war," deemed itself sufficient for the Senior class of '18 to "put one over" on custom and tradition; so an additional volume will grace your library table, and later the attic, where in the years to come it will be resurrected along with the ancient albums to show the grandchildren how queerly mamma and papa dressed when they went to H. S.

But do not deceive yourself into believing that ornamentation and preservation are the only assets of this handsome book. "Oh my no," a favorite expression of one of our fellow students, can not express the indignation with which we would attempt to deny such an accusation. Probably Chester Williams, son of our coal administrator, could illustrate to you the valuable combustible qualities of this carefully selected paper. And, in this age of "heatless days," some time you may, while warming your frozen fingers over this burning volume, utter tearful thanks to this struggling staff. But for further valuation may I refer you to another of our Seniors—Solomon Bronstein. If the price of paper increases as our business manager could tell you it has in the last year, some future day the Bronstein junk yard may offer you a small fortune for this same production.

So as you read through this volume a record of the past school year, pictures of our faculty, seniors and underclassmen, even the freshies and other jokes, do not be too harsh in your criticism of

THE CLASS OF EIGHTEEN

OF H. H. S.

THE BEST OLD SCHOOL THAT EVER WAS.

—The Editor-in-Chief.

We, the Class of Nineteen Hundred Eighteen, have the honor to publish our Annual at a time when it is possible to dedicate it to our loyal sons of the High School who are working in the sacred cause of human liberty. The honor of such a privilege has been granted to no previous class, the honor of recognizing in this our last tribute to holy rights of humanity. This is our high regard, as we lovingly dedicate this volume to you.

—HOWARD COX '18

The Liberty Lads of H. H. S.

Schuyler Aldridge, Sergt., '14.
Charles Aldridge, '13.
Vilas L. Bridge, 2nd Lieut., '06.
Kenneth Dean Butler, Flying Cadet, '07.
Henry Bash, 1st Lieut., '08.
Earl Clarence Bucher, Sergt., '09.
Donald Brown, '12.
Abner Brown, '12.
Roy Bucher, Corp., '13.
Lee Bowers, Sergt., '13.
George Bippus, 2nd Lieut., '14.
Archie Brenneman, '14.
Ben Butler, Flying Cadet, '15.
Phillip Bash, Flying Cadet, '15.
Forest Logan Cook, '12.
Harlan Clark, Sergt., '13.
Paul Carey, '14.
Bruce Carey, '15.
Glenn Deeds, '15.
Marion E. Deeds, '16.
Don Palmer Emley, '09.
Archie D. Erehart, 1st Lieut., '12.
Evan Fast, '13.
Waldron Furste, '13.
Fritz Glass, '14.
Max Hart, '09.
Darwin Bruce Hamer, '10.
Frank Hawley, 1st Lieut., '11.
Dayton Hamer, Corp., '13.
Ernest Frederick, '13.
Howard Hildebrand, '13.
Don Hart, '13.
Arthur Hoch, '13.
Gorman Ham, 2nd Lieut., '13.
Ben Harrel, Flying Cadet, '14.
Frank Heiss, '14.
Joseph Harrel, '14.
Lloyd Heck, '15.
John Hildebrand, '16.
Ray W. Ireland, '11.
Henry Koch, Flying Cadet, '08.
Harold Lipinsky, 2nd Lieut., '05.
Virgil Lawver, '11.
Ed Lucas, '16.
Von Lennington, '14.
George Miltonberger, '17.
Donald McClelland, Capt., '05.
Herman Joseph Martin, 1st L., '10.
Ray Y. Murray, '16.
Robert Fatterson, Capt., '11.
Senn Ruse, '16.
Donald Russell, Sergt., '16.
Earl Steele, 2nd Lieut., '02.
Glenn Souers, '08.
Adolph Schenkle, '14.
De Witt Shadaker, '15.
Donavan Spencer, Sergt., '16.
Robert Weese, '06.
Wm. E. Williams, '11.
Donald Weese, 2nd Lieut., '13.
Oscar Ziegler, '13.
Nevin Walknetz, '15.
Harold Walknetz, '16.
Melville Tuttle, 2nd Lieut.
Harold Branyan, 1st Lieut.
Burnett Dinius.
Fred Herran.
Henry Saylor, Capt., '10.
Verne de Camp, Lieut., '15.
Ivan E. Smith, 1st Lieut., '10.
Willard Fry.
Eugene Doudna, ex '18.
Carl Young, ex '18.
Paul Taylor, Y. M. C. A., '05.
Donald Purviance, Y. M. C. A., '06.
Charles Whitelock, fallen in service, '14.
Frank McClelland, 1st Lieut.
Arthur Kiser.
William McClure, 1st Lieut., '08.
Ernest Mock, '13.
Phillip Payne, 2nd Lieut.
Leland Kreisal.
Oscar Dyer, 1st Lieut.
Graham Scott.
Howard Beaver, Corp.
Harmon Wagoner, '08.
Melville Butler.
Howard Shideler.
Luke Brickley.
William Bronstein, '13.
Shirley Lowman, '18.
Robert Myers.
Earl Heck, '17.
Charles Murray.
Paul McEnderfer, '12.
Paul Wonderly.
Lawrence White, ex '19.
Russell W. Tobias.
Henry Kindler.
Ralph W. Morgan.
Andrew O. Engle.
Bruce Buzzard.
Paul Buzzard.
Lloyd Krieg.
Ralph Kiser, '14.

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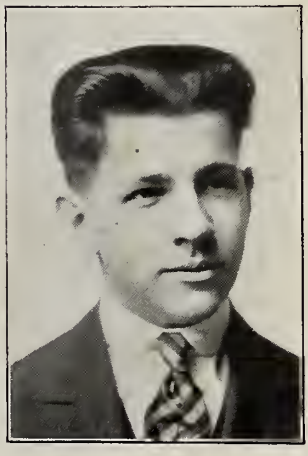
Ass't Editor

WANETA CLARK
Literary Editor

MADGE WHITESIDE
Editor-in-Chief



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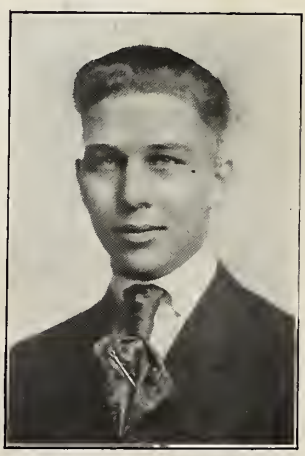
Subscription Manager



WARREN COOK
Business Manager

Modulus Staff

Literary

Waneta Clark
Helen Eisenhauer
Harry Glaser

Poetry

Elizabeth Kneipple
Eiffel Plasterer

Music

Howard Dill
Claribel Brumbaugh
Lucile Rannels

Jokes

Lawrence Triggs
Merritt Creager
Merle Poucher
Geraldine Auker

Art

Miss Gray
Howard Cox
Edna Cook
Kenneth Miller

Athletics

Walter Skinner
George A. Walker

Calendar

Helen Walknetz
Marvel Culp
Bernard Zinn
Wilbur Cook

Society

Zelma Moyer
Janette Patterson
Glen Hall

Dramatic

Harriet Wearly
Leone Shaw

Oratory and Debate

Evelyn Schacht
Earl Ertzinger
Catherine Fields

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H. C. WEIFORD
Treasurer

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Clerk

J. M. SCUDDER
Superintendent

To Some Violets

The Senior Class Flower

Sweet Violets of Verdant Spring
  Plucked by the fingers of a maid
And sent with tender thoughts to me
  From out their forest shade.

Did some sweet Dryad tempt them up
  To cheer the world above?
Did some kind fairy wake their sleep
  And kiss their cheeks with love?

Did some fair sprite or elf below
  Review their rootlets' blood,
To send it forth in colors blue
  To look on sky and flood?

Then nature did contrive that gift
  With thousand workmen strong,
The dark waked up to lonely light
  The still waked up to song.

Sweet flower that waked close by my path
  Strange is thy wondrous birth
No other gift seems half like thee
  O'er all the garnished earth.

Sweet, modest flower of heavenly tint,
  Thou tellest of heavenly things,
And not indeed the wide earth o'er,
  Is found such splendorous kings.

The morning of thy life has been
  Cheered up with morning airs,
Thou seest the verdure of the world,
  Art free from all its cares.

Would that the holder of that gift
  Had come to earth so free,
Would he beheld the sky so blue,
  Could solve thy mystery.

Would that we followed in our course
  A purpose half so true;
Would that we saw beyond the clouds
  The sky so large and blue.

Sweet flower that I gaze upon
  Dost thou possess a soul?
What modest thoughts must claim thy time!
  What passions o'er thee roll!

This is the lesson of thy birth:
  To see life's balmy airs;
To gather sunshine from its blue,
  Be steadfast through its cares.

—C. E. Byers.

FACULTY

C. EMORY BYERS
Principal
He sat honorably in the first place

MAYNARD C. DARNALL
Mathematics
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth

MARY B. COX
History
Council is mine, and understanding

FREDRICA R. TUCKER
English
Glorious things are said of her

CORA D. ALTMAN
English
A still, small voice

CARRIE H. TEMPLETON
Mathematics
None but herself can be her parallel

ELMER E. TYNER
General Assistant
Does not his excellency make one afraid?

J. J. HORNBACK
Commerce
He that hath knowledge spareth his words

FLOY E. CALEY
Languages.
She talks, ye Gods how she talks

MINNIE HOFFMAN
German
By my troth, a pleasant spirited lady

NELLIE VAN ANTWERP
Latin
She was of a beautiful countenance

ALBERT W. SUTER
Science
Good sense and good nature are never separated

CLARENCE B. STEMAN
Science
When he raiseth up himself the mighty are afraid

LENA TWEEDY
English
Sweeter than honey and the droppings of the honeycomb

EMMA KLINE
Domestic Science
Faithfully she does her duty

MURIEL SUMMERS
Domestic Art
How excellent is thy name!

W. E. SHOCK
Mechanical Drawing
In quietness and confidence shall be your strength

FRED C. MAHONEY
Manual Training
And even his failings lead to virtue's side

ALICE JEAN GRAY
Art
Gentleness succeeds better than violence

J. L. SWIHART
Music
Unto me men gave ear and waited

SENIOR

WANTED:—
COMPETENT
YOUNG MEN
-AND WOMEN-
HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES
—PREFERRED—
ARE "YOU"
READY FOR
IMMEDIATE
SERVICE?
DIPLOMA
CLASS OF
1918
Edna Cook-18

SENIORS

'Tis the last year of our schooling,
And we'll soon forget the ruling
That the teachers placed upon our filmy minds.
It is time we do the hiring
And the scolding and the firing,
As we gladly with our elders
March in file.

We have no weepy feeling,
When from the school we're stealing;
For all this "ancient stuff" has long been past.
It's the future that concerns us,
And the fame that it will earn us
Takes us far away from every other class.

Our ambitions are before us,
And they seem so very glorious
That for a time, our High School days we will forget.
Then when the fuss is over,
And our life work we've begun,
Perhaps we'll look back on these school days
When in a mood of fun.

Away up in the attic, high upon a shelf
We will find a book containing most all the nation's wealth.
We will haul it down and read it
After brushing off the dust,
And discover to our wonder
It is the '18 Modulus.

So you see we're only human,
With all our chatterin' and our fumin'.
And we only do what many others have done,
We get a little schooling together with some fooling.
There we start out in life's battles,
Defeat discarded, for they're won.

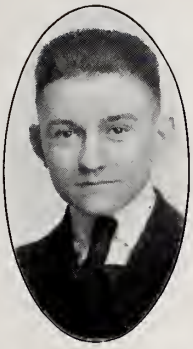
—Margaret Harris, '18.

The Class of 1918

COLORS
Grey and Blue

FLOWER
Blue Violet

MOTTO
To Fail Is Unamerican



Carl Neuer, President

Ye Gods! How that man can rave! "Hi, Squirrely" is one of his favorites but this undignified expression does not belie his reserved manner and proud bearing indicative of Senior Presidency. As President of the Class of '18, he has proved himself equal to any situation and implied the spirit of the class, socially, financially, and studiously.

Lawrence Triggs, Vice-President

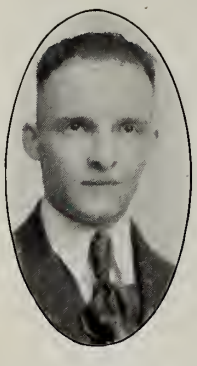
A clever reporter and amateur actor, his future is assured a success no matter which "line" he decides to use. "Triggsy" is a most charming "lady fusser," yet he still remains true to his own fair love. "Yes sweetheart," a favorite?

Margaret Harris, Secretary

Peggy has certainly won many friends during her three and one-half years in H. S. Her clever remarks and distracting dimples are well known and her ability in giving brilliant answers to 4-2 English questions is certainly admirable. "Her very smiles are fairer far than smiles of other maidens are."

Evelyn Schacht, Treasurer

Evelyn's middle name is "activity" for she has shouldered a miraculous amount of responsibility during her H. S. career, and still strings up an undaunted line of E's on her report card. Besides she isn't "swelled up" over all her honors and still speaks to all of us just the same. Having a "regular steady" H. S. suitors have bothered her not in the least.

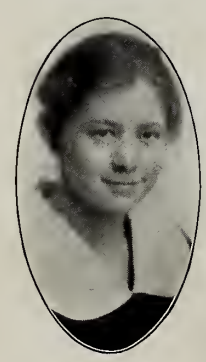


Robert Abbott

Bob is easily recognized by his suave manner and fastidious clothes. This gentleman has shown a fondness for the weaker sex but specializes in an "Artistic" variety. "She" attends Central College and that accounts for a negligence of studies, necessitating a summer school course that Bob might be of the class of '18.

Herbert Abbott

There has always been a doubt as to whether these brothers would at last be allowed to graduate together. But they have won. Herb is his brother's likeness in manner and accomplishments. Although he has not yet selected his "lady love," his courtships are many. Perhaps the reason he can't "stick" is his unfavorable reputation as a tease.



Geraldine Auker

Here we have another three and one half year graduate. Geraldine is one of that famous "Entre Nous" bunch whose good times are regarded with such envy by less fortunate underclassmen. Her "gift of gab" and "merry Ha-Ha" have assured her popularity among students and the faculty.

Lulu Bonebrake

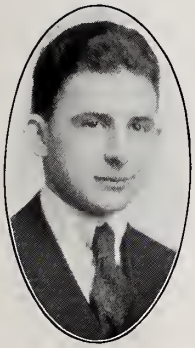
Ever since her freshman year Lulu has been well known and liked in H. H. S. A goodly number of our Freshman and Sophomore parties were held at her home "four miles north of the city," and was there ever a "more lenient" hostess? Her only fault is her extravagant use of Melba powder.

Kathryn Bratton

Were the hairs of our heads numbered Kathryn's number would surely be half a mile long. She is another of those new girls who caused such curiosity and excitement last fall. She and Lucile Griffith have become noted for their "giggling" matches." Kathryn is "small" in nothing but stature.

Dorothy Briggs

And even our Seniors fell for the fad, although it has been a serious problem to decide whether typhoid fever or Mrs. Vernon Castle has boosted the barber business. Dorothy belongs to the tall and willowy type of beauty. She is still blessing summer school that enabled her to graduate with '18.



Solomon Bronstein

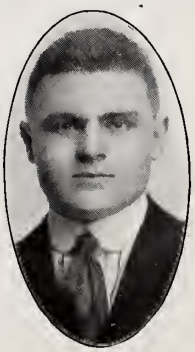
Sol is the boy with the million dollar line, an assurance of multitudinous dates. Everyone is still marveling how he accumulated sufficient credits to acquit himself with this exceptional class. Cheer up—Freshie, Sol did it, you can. Sol's worst fault is his overfondness for sweets—ahem! namely, candy.

Claribel Brumbaugh

Claribel's jolly humor and good-nature has won her many friends, especially among the boys. She can romp all over the piano without taking her feet off the floor, and as an accomplished pianist, we are sure she will some day be a prima donna. She and Lulu together truly represent the "Dark and Fair Princess."

Ideene Buzzard

Our quiet little Jewish damsel. Ideene has seemingly remained in obscurity her entire four years of H. S. but as she quietly walks up and down the aisles of the old building many a member of the opposite sex has cast a wistful glance in her direction. No hopes, boys, because Ideene always seems to have an escort of your sex in company with her.



Neil Carey

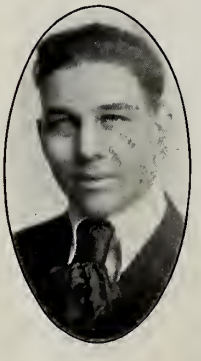
The most dependable boy in the class—how that boy carried the tables last year when we were preparing for Junior-Senior reception—but then you see his name is "Carey." Neil is an ardent advocate of the "Smile" theory and his ear to ear grin ever greets one. His chief occupation is throwing paper wads in Assembly.

Waneta Clark

Waneta is the most outspoken member of this magnificent class. What she thinks, she says without fear of anyone. For proof refer to pages 40 and 41 of this volume—our class Horoscope. Her abilities and energy are unlimited, yet several times in the decade she has been known to attempt at a bluff. She is the main factor in the "H. S. Bittersweet Loan Bureau," although most of her allowance goes for gasoline and speed fines.

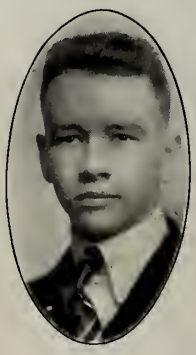
Edna Cook

One of the most popular and best liked girls in school. Noted for her irrepressible giggle and mass of unruly curls. In the world of art Edna is going to succeed; more than likely as a cartoonist, for here she could give vent to that unconquerable sense of humor. As President of the Sunshine Society she has been an inspiring lead in all their activities.



Warren Cook

To those who know the "General" his shyness and feminine blushes are just a mask concealing truly masculine traits. As our Business Manager and thus a privileged character he stalks in and out of Room 10 with typical Senior bearing. His popularity among those of the fair sex is assured and his knack of making each one seem the most desired is a rare quality ever sought.



Forrest Creager

"Opie" has continued to rise in the esteem of all H. H. S. pupils since his days as bar tender at Bechstein's drug store. His wonderful record as one of the H. S. basketball men is to be marvelled at. Strange to say "Opie" still retains the same size head-gear and insists on teasing the smaller boys after he has managed to roll out about 8:20 every a.m.

Marvel Culp

Ever since she has been in H. S. Marvel has had a fascinating way about her that has more or less attracted the attention of the male sex. She always was in good with the teachers and this has enabled her to annex herself to an office job with President Underwood & Co. and carry her school work besides. Marvel is the ring leader of the "Southside bunch."

Howard Dill

The little drummer boy that captures all the smiles from the chorus girls at our most prominent playhouse. This fact has aroused a little jealousy between him and the fellows, and a few broken hearts among the girls, but we'll forgive these villainous characteristics. Howard is one of our best specimens of manhood and we predict a bright future.

Mabel Ellis

Mabel is one of our sweet country lasses. She is unassuming and always minds her own business. To this virtue along with many others she owes the fact that she is a good friend of all the teachers. She came to us from the country a year ago and since then has made herself a star in all her classes.

Louise Ewing

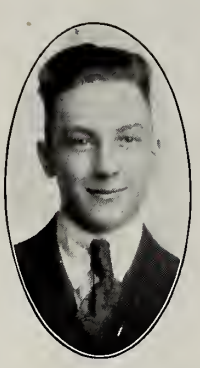
Despite the fact that Louise has had innumerable hardships accumulating a sufficient number of Latin credits to allow herself an honorable discharge from H. S. she is in all probabilities going to go out with all the glory attached to success such as she has achieved. Louise is a sweet tempered lass with a winsome giggle and a taking way.

Beatrice Fosselman

No one will believe that this curly haired little girl is a graduate but she beat most of the rest of us and finished up in January. Ever quiet and demure in school, it surprised us immensely to see her as rowdy as the rest of us at Sunshine parties. "Bee" spent most of her time in H. H. S. trying to teach people to pronounce her name.

Catherine Fields

The independent little miss with such glorious ropes of yellow braids. Only lately have we discovered that Catherine had such a temper and was so "sot in her ways"—that was when the war was raging with regard to commencement dresses. Catherine's destiny is fixed—a beautiful button-sewer for her "chosen Romeo!" Our only remonstrance is her unruliness at Sunshine parties.



Earl Fisher

Earl is a boy that has been able to keep up his work at school regardless of the fact that the ladies have a great attraction for him. Because of his good looks he has been able to fall in love with the underclass girls since he has had difficulty in holding on to a girl of his own class. Earl is at present brakeman on one of our local soda fountains.

Kenneth Geedy

Kenneth is a shy, unassuming lad, quite unaware of the admiring glances cast in his direction by pretty freshmen lasses, good-looking Sophs. and Juniors and even Senior beauties. His handsome looks would get him a date anywhere if he would only conquer that dreadful fear of the female sex. Advice, Kenneth, profit!

Ralph Gibler

"Prince," the great girl impersonator. As a woman "Glib" makes some doll. He is a wonderful asset to the Senior class, regardless of the fact that he is also carrying a course in the renowned Business University. From the genius he displayed in advertising our annual one would think he took lessons from Michael Angelo or Raphael.

A. Kendrick Grayston

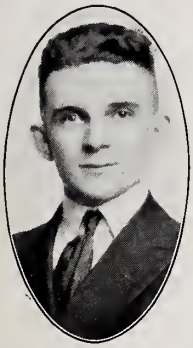
The curiosity of the female element of H. S. has never been satisfied as to how Kendrick managed that perfect marcel wave. Another of our small but mighty athletic stars—track, baseball, basketball man. Kendrick constitutes the third "married" member of our basketball bunch.

Lucile Griffith

Lucile came to our midst a stranger but she can hold her own with native born Senior beauties. Besides her name generally heads the list of illustrious Seniors to appear on the roll of honor. Lucile suffered one haunting fear the last few months—that she might contract the measles.

Robert Grupe

No one could have done more toward success of this book than Bob for along the lines of advertising he surely deserves the Roses. Bob was one of the leaders in Senior activities last year, therefore held rather in awe in our circles. Allow us here to explain Bob's seemingly "cold dignity." You see he has a kid brother in school and such treatment is necessary you know to ignore their actions.



Glen Hall

'Tis said there was desired of him many things, but there is nothing like fun is there? Perhaps the faculty aren't so appreciative of "Sid," but his painstaking (albeit, time-taking) bluffing in 4-1 History has won him the heartfelt gratitude of all classmates. "Sing unto me a new song," saith Caruso.

Martha Hartman

This is the girl with the undue supply of accuracy—so immense that she never allows Miss Caley to forget any of the French assignment. No one ever knew Martha not to have her lessons; still we always hear her talking about Camp Fire hikes. Her "Irishy" black curls are the envy of the school.

Albert Johnson

"ABE" is one of that rare variety of blonde-haired Seniors. But, hush, we have discovered the secret, since the price of peroxide has gone up his hair is assuming a darker hue. He has never received medals for hard study but has been able to keep on the safe side in his grades and so is able to leave a good reputation and sound (?) education.

Glenn A. Johnson

"Wormy" has made a record in High School that he can readily be proud of. From the time he entered this school as a green farmer lad until the time of his departure he has ever been a shining star in all athletics. Wormy's only fault is his failure to leave "Becky" out of a conversation.

Paul Kreigbaum

"Fat" is the mainstay of the H. S. basketball five. He is a wizard at the game, shown by the fact that all the opposing teams put two or three men on him in every contest. He came to us from the farm, where he learned the art of the game. He is a fellow with little temper for not even the train of feminine admirers he ever possesses ruffles his angelic spirits.

Lucile LaMonte

To some people we go for lessons, from others we borrow money, but when we want to giggle we always hunt up Lucile. This is Dorothy Booth's "tried and trusted"—she even suffices for a chaperon on some of Dorothy and her "man's" jaunts. Lucile's only failing is her lessons.

J. Everett Laurie.

Everett was so ambitious to make his way in the world that he left us in January and started in to accomplish his desire. He has always been a boy of quiet determination and common sense, he even took a year or so of Latin. We predict for him great service to his country for he has decided to aid his father in "raisin' crops."

Merle Lininger

The mystery of the class—for Merle has the most really perfect lessons of any one in this perfect class, yet her date nights never seem to be empty. She is Faye McKee's "bosom friend" and the rumor is abroad that they never quarrel. Merle's curly locks are the envy of the school.

Shirley Lowman

"The boy who volunteered." Shirley is a member of the field artillery and we are all rightfully proud of our soldier boy. At least Shirl has learned two things since he joined—what a wonderful inducement a uniform is in securing a date and how expensive photographer's bills are (for all the girls want his picture now). In school he was always a personage for he was allowed to post absentees.

Charles Mahoney

This young man is just as quiet as he looks. He never has quite outgrown his Freshman shyness, and as for girls—we'd faint if we saw him talking to one. But he can attend to his own business—may his tribe increase.

Paul Marshall

One fair damsel upon viewing this picture exclaimed, "Why, isn't Paul getting classy looking?" So we'll take her word for it. We have heard Paul has a "layde of his herte" but he has always been so quiet and unassuming in school that we were surprised. Paul's worst worry is his big feet.

Mary McCahill

The girl with the saucy nose and the Mary Pickford stare. Little trouble has Mary in capturing hearts although credits are not so tangible. Not much of a conversationalist, yet she is well versed in the art of "talking with her eyes." Besides all this it is said she makes excellent fudge.

James McClenahan

At last Jim is graduating and surprisedly with the class of '18. Still we are glad to claim him and it is astonishing how angelic he has been this term. I doubt if he's had a single date! For Jim as always retained quite a "rep."

"Of all the trees in all the woods,
Jim's always right there with the goods."

Fay McKee

A very vivacious creature who has been here a year and who with her chattering and flying about has acquired quite a reputation. Faye's main source of glory is the fact that she is Paul Leonhardt's cousin. We never knew her not to be dated up on Sunday night. The only thing we can not understand is why she combs her hair so much in school.

Harry Mehre

Owing to Harry's ever-increasing devotion to the fair sex, the staff in their attempts to please placed his picture in the midst of four damsels. He is one of that famous basketball five besides being the privileged character that passes the lists of absentees. Noted for his big ears and handsome pompadour.

Ruby Merriman

One of the stars in Hornback's commercial constellation, who has not been with us much lately owing to the fact that she has a "position." Ruby's middle name should be Independence for she is one of the most democratic individuals we know. Her friends say she has a temper, but the color of her hair belies this statement. The quality Ruby lacks least is Courage.

Zelma Moyer

All room 10 wakes up at 8:29 when Zelma swings hurriedly in. For here is our model of exquisite fashion, always having the latest in dress and headgear. In all school activities she is a prominent figure. Her hobbies are ragtime and georgette waists.

Kathleen Saal

"Say, what is our English for today?" This denotes an inquiring nature and one deeply absorbed in school work. Would there were more such! When asked if she were going away to school fair Kathleen replied, "No, I won't go anywhere without my mamma." But at that she's not so easily "fussed."

Ellen Santon

Ellen doesn't say much, but one can tell she thinks a lot, and "thus her poet soul soars." Her philosophy is "always speak good of others and no evil shall come to you." If only more had been like you Ellen! She is a member of the South Side "gang" and it is rumored that she has "dates" and "dates."

Carl Repp

Carl is our little grocery boy who continually brings the girls chocolate creams neatly done up in yellow paper sacks. He is noted far and near for his good grades, his good looks and his good nature. Carl has an awful failing for Pennsylvania girls which fact has caused him to lead a bachelor's life in old H. H. S., much to the chagrin of admiring dames.

Bertha Schock

Bertha's ambitions were so speedy that she left us in January to try and overtake them in the business world. While in school she was always an interested participant in class and school affairs. She was generally seen chattering across the aisle to Ideene or Marvel about "last night." Bertha generally drifted into Assembly at the last minute and then is when she looked her prettiest and most self-possessed.

Ruth Shideler

It has often been said that "a wise person could ask more questions than a fool could answer in an hour." Now estimate Ruth's wisdom, for she is registered on Fate's scroll as "The original interrogation mark." To be in her classes is indeed a relief and an amusement, for her arguments fill up the precious forty minutes and her unsophisticated remarks insure plenty of laughter.

Walter Skinner

Walter is a born debater. When he rises to give an oration with manner quite convincing--he just walks away with all honors. Moreover, he has his "special line" in newspaper work, and thus excuses his growing laziness in the last year. Walter has endless ability and his vocabulary and tact will pull him through many a precautious position.

Kathryn Leone Shaw

The petite little damsel with the cute clothes and surprising sneeze. Her graces are innumerable and it is rumored that she is a very clever dancer. In the two years she has been in school with us her ready smile and winning ways have won her many admirers.

Iva Stults

"Silence is her virtue and her's alone; no other should claim it." All classes are composed of elements—Iva represents the shy and bashful one of ours. Forget yourself some day and let's get acquainted. She has been lost in school ever since her chum Hazel "went and got married."

Margretha Sult

At least one of our Seniors assumed a truly dignified bearing and attitude. Margretha always attends Senior meetings and there was no more vociferous participant in the Senior dress warfare than she. She displays great skill in dressing her blonde locks although it necessitates a great deal of "lingering in the rest room."

Evelyn Talley

Such a demure little maiden, Evelyn is hard to "get next to." However, she may have "gotten by" quite unknown to us in the two years of her H. H. S. sojourn. Especially might this be true concerning her friendliness with the faculty and her well-known E's.

Esme Taylor

Oh, here we have a Theda Bara, the second. Everyone declares Esme's theatrical appearance will gain her entrance to the movie world. At present she is doing the book-keeping at Kreigbaum's Implement Store. She and Estella indeed form the "inseparable compound" Jake used to tell her so much about.

Ruth Walburn

Ruth has chewed enough gum during her H. S. sojourn to plaster the school building. Her remarkable entertaining ability justifies her innumerable out of town steadies, we hear so much about. She carries this conversational ability into school, too, and is great at bawling the faculty out. Besides Ruth is quite musically gifted.

Helen Walknetz

This is the girl who always seems to have such a good time and yet keeps her grades near the top. "Red" is the last of the famous Walknetz tribe to graduate from old H. H. S. There is no sunnier tempered, friendlier person in the entire "Sunshine Society." As to her future every one predicts a second Mrs. Vernon Castle career.

Edith Walter

"However it be, it seems to me, 'tis only noble to be good." Edith is an Honor Student, and certainly has a mind all her own. Her idea of H. S. life has been to win merit through study, and in this diligence has been successful.

Augustus Wasmuth

The lion of the class—the life of a party and indeed the life of a recitation. As one of our advertising managers his enthusiasm and push have made this book the success, financially, it is. Gus' worst problems are his lady loves and Latin credits—both of which he invariably loses.

Estella Waugh

Estella and Esme should invariably be together scribed. Fact even goes so far as to say that Estella always has her dates with Esme that is———. She has that gentle voice, so often misunderstood and really it is quite vexing to be eternally repeating, isn't it, Estella? However, so easily "bewildered" blushes are quite becoming so they say.

Harriett Wearly

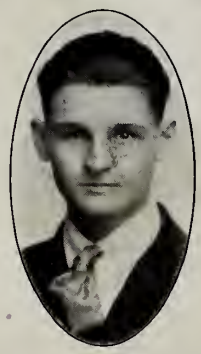
Without doubt Harriett is the most versatile girl in our entire class. She can sing, play and dance quite well and has been our social committee chairman during all our high school year besides. Is seldom seen without her "man" or her Buick. Harriett possesses an independence that is quite a refreshing change from the "clinging vine" type.

Laura Weaver

One of the girls that "waited over" to graduate with '18 and one that has been active in all class affairs. She did look too cute with her hair bobbed, didn't she? G. W. says "Laura is one of the nicest girls in school" and naturally we all agree with him. Laura surprised herself and made the honor roll once and has retained quite a reputation ever since.

Edwin Weese

Another of our "Handsome Harrys." One of those characters that loafed the first two years at High and then did some tall hustling to capture the "necessary thirty-two." Out-of-town girls are always captivated by Ed's charming complexion but then you know he's one of our farmer lads."

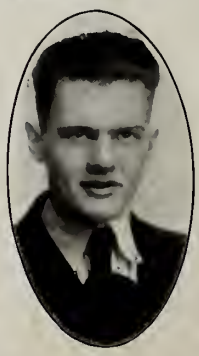


Raymond Wheeler

"It takes a long tall———." But Raymond's whole name is longer than he is and that's saying a lot. "Shorty" claims along with his scores of talents to be an adept cartoonist. He is of a very inquisitive nature and thus is quite spirited in class rooms—inspiring to others.

Madge Whiteside

A very pretty, vivacious and exceedingly clever little lady—this is our successful Editor-inChief. Miss Cox quite unwittingly called her "Maude" one time and this name has unfortunately "stuck." Although this may be cruelly censured we feel that Madge deserves a very complimentary tribute for all the flattering phrases bestowed on the rest of us, and we extend our best wishes for her future success.



Chester Williams

Give "Check" an artist's smock and a palette and anyone would take him for a genius. This long hair of his is his chief worry for it interferes persistently with his studying in Assembly. Chester is one of our most "sought after partners" at a dance. He doubtless thought the cause of his popularity with the girls was his good looks, but after reading this edifying report, he'll know better.

Alice Winebrenner

The youthful miss who has so recently discarded hair ribbons in order to assume truly Senior dignities. It is trying to be taken for a Freshman, isn't it Alice? This is another of our lucky Senior girls for "her Herbert is e'er by her side." Alice's trials are French and "kidders."

Walter Yergens

Walter is blessed with freckles and rosy cheeks. We say "blessed" because in this day of masculine powder puffs and rouge sticks it is a relief to find a real boy. Walter would have made better grades had he had nerve enough to show his teachers how much he knew.

Edith Zahn

Edith is another one that we "loved and lost" in January. She was the star of Prof. Tyner's classes and an ardent believer in woman' votes. We are sure Edith will take a blue ribbon as a stenographer —her chosen profession.

IN MEMORY OF

Charles Kent Lucas

February 19, 1900 September 18, 1916

Paul Swaim

November 18, 1899 September 18, 1916

Who, had they lived would have been members of this senior class.

"Yet would we keep thee in our hearts, Nor let thee suddenly depart."

IN MEMORIAM

Charles Nottingham Whitelock

June 10, 1896 *October 5, 1917*

Who gave up his life while in the service of his country and humanity.

"Not what we give but what we share
For the gift without the giver is bare;

Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

YE OLD CLASS OF '18

Awaken ye love lorn and dreamy eyed students of the future and hearken to the history of a worthy class, the class of 1918.

There is perhaps no other class that entered high school that encountered the adversities experienced by this class but in spite of this the class ranks foremost among the classes that have been graduated from Huntington High School.

We entered high school in the year which witnessed the outbreak of the great European war, which means that our class has sacrificed more of its pleasures than any preceding class.

During the past year we have given up the pleasures of class parties, the advantages of a class play, and other customary functions of a Senior class. We are truly the first class to graduate under the difficult circumstances arising because of war.

It has given six members into the service of Uncle Sam and have the honor of being represented on the battlefield of Europe, on the high seas and the training camps of our country, which proves that we are truly living up to our motto, "To fail is unamerican."

To become more personal we may say that our class has ranked foremost since its entry into the school as leaders in the athletic field and in the field of oratory.

We have never shirked our duty having among our members some of the most brilliant scholars that ever entered High School.

The election of officers was held the third week of the fall term; Carl Neuer was chosen president, Lawrence Triggs, vice president; Margaret Harris, secretary, and Evelyn Schacht, treasurer. Miss Cox was elected class adviser and gave us some very good advice and assistance.

In conclusion we may say that this class always co-operated in every movement for the good of the school and the good of Uncle Sam for it has shown its Democratic spirit in simplifying its commencement exercises both as to dress and program for the occasion.

Would you know your whole life, all its pleasures and jars,
Go to the astrologer and have him ask the stars.
And if you would have it correct with no mistakes in it
Send the date of your birth exact to the minute.

This we did for the class at great labor and cost,
Making new records if the old ones were lost.
Take a glance at this forecast and 'twill easily be seen
The world would cease turning but for the class of '18.

Carl Neuer will be a judge and sit on the supreme bench
Mary McCahill in a college as a teacher of French.
Chester Williams will take to politics so the stars relate
Will be made governor in 1928.

Estella Waugh a most independent little dame
Will go out west and take up a claim.
Her friend Esme not caring to take a chance
Will marry a man with a ranch, in advance.

Richard Plasterer will stay on the farm, right where he is now
Will raise fine chickens and keep his own cow.
Charles Mahoney, his neighbor, to many countries will roam
Will see many sights and then return home.

Evelyn Talley and Martha Hartman as noted florists will come to the front,
They get their inspiration from Luther Burbank's stunt.
They will make two flowers bloom where but one had bloomed before
And make each more beautiful, who could do more?

Alice Winebrenner will be a domestic science teacher
Conserve and Hooverize will be the principal feature.
For Margretha Sult. My! What a queer hunch;
She will go to Andrews and run a dairy lunch.

After studying hard and working like sin,
Shirley Lowman will give the world a patent hair-pin.
And people will think Laura Weaver quite clever,
When she writes an almanac and forecasts the weather.

Paul Kreigbaum and Glenn Johnson will go to college next fall,
Each in his school will be the star in basket-ball.
When they return, their college days o'er,
They'll become partners, in an implement store.

If Bertha Schoch follows the path the stars seem to plan,
She won't go far till she catches a man.
But Ideene will never marry, she'll become a movie star
Make lots of money and drive her own car.

Harry Mehre will go to college and win a high degree,
Drink the cream is his theory and let the skimmed milk be.
Helen Walknetz will take to flying, the same as Ruth Law,
Will visit country fairs and be the big draw.

Lucile Griffith will marry a High School teacher,
Ellen Santon's husband will be a Methodist preacher.
Walter Skinner, always thoughtful and always sedate,
Will write a famous treatise on the soul's future state.

Harry Glasser will reside in Washington, D. C.
The President's private secretary he will be.
Robert Grupe, too, will pass through fame's door,
He will be elected president in the fall of '44.

As wife of our ambassador to the Court of King James
Kathryn Bratton will know people with high titled names.
Everett Laurie will be a ship's captain and sail the wide main
Carrying many rich cargoes to England and Spain.

To prospect in mines Walter Yergens will go west
Deep precipice, misstep, you know the rest.
Lucile LaMonte will own a large ranch in this same state,
Will to his friends the whole story relate.

Margaret Harris, sweet maiden demure,
All her stars are lucky, you can be quite sure.
Perhaps she will marry, perhaps she'll be a nun.
Make a guess now, just for fun.

A life devoted to science for Raymond Wheeler is shown
He will claim to know everything that is now unknown.
In trying out the theories of this great master
Kenneth Geedy will leave a loving wife to mourn the disaster.

Edna Cook will spend money and have a mighty good time,
The man she marries will own a coal mine.
Harriet Wearly in the same city will reside,
And have silks and jewels and automobiles beside.

Carl Repp noted for generosity! Maybe the stars don't lie,
Yet he never seemed so to you and I.
Another forecast you'll wonder how it could be,
Shows Earl Fisher a missionary to the heathen across the sea.

Claribel and Lulu will both remain single,
"Partners at Law," it will read on their shingle.
Their efficient stenographer will be Faye McKee,
They will be attorneys for the C. B. & C.

Marvel Culp's husband will leave her a large estate,
And she will spend generously for sweet charity's sake.
An old bachelor will become Dorothy Briggs' favored knight,
A very short courtship, case of love at first sight.

According to the stars a hard thing to do
Is to tell if Gus Wasmuth is gentile or Jew.
He and Glen Hall will make money galore,
In a big city in a large clothing store.

After his death, the vast estate of John D.
Will all be bought up by Solomon B.
Forest Creager will settle right here in our town
He will run the mill now owned by Russ Brown.

Life for Leona Shaw will be happy after a stormy sea,
You'll find her in Paris with husband No. 3.
This hint to Ed. Weese, the astrologer makes,
You have a weak heart, avoid earthquakes.

Guess for Mabel Ellis, you easily could,
She will marry rich, she always said she would.
Our friend Paul Marshall, a checkered life faces,
He will own fast horses and attend derby races.

Great social success will be Louise Ewing's report,
She will be presented at every European court.
When to the pressure of suffragists the government yields,
Our state senator will be Catherine Fields.

In 1928 Austin Snowden will meet a sad fate,
An invention will explode and close his life at that date.
Neil Carey, his partner, such is the star's testimony,
Will improve the invention and make lots of money.

Geraldine Auker, like her father, will be found in Civil Service,
Edith Walters will want to run a jitney but will be too nervous.
Ruby Merriman will be reporter on the Chicago Tribune,
Mary Griffith will be married a year from next June.

To the science of medicine Kendrick will devote all his years
To alleviate suffering in this vale of tears.
Warren Cook, the pharmacist, will his drugs compound,
And Ruth Shideler give the ether, when a victim is found.

Madge Whiteside known to be of a literary turn,
Will write best sellers and have money to burn.
Abbott Bros., publishers, will do all her work,
With Lawrence Triggs as their chief business clerk.

Zelma Moyer's life to music is elected,
She will have many suitors, but they will all be rejected.
For Evelyn Schacht life will have many happy whirls,
She will be National President of the Camp Fire Girls.

After the present writer has "crossed the bar,"
Edith Zahn will write "Jim Crows" for the Indianapolis Star.
Kathleen Saal on the same paper towards eminence strives
Writing the articles; 'Helpful Hints to Housewives."

After awhile Howard Dill can soar all the time,
He's going to be a conductor on an airship line.
Ralph Gibler will travel far doing research work,
Will write many volumes on the health of the Turk.

Merle Lininger and Beatrice Fussleman will hit on a plan,
To make them both money till they each get a man;
Merle will write ballads, mostly songs of the heart,
To compose the music, will be Beatrice's part.

Leo Finn, the stars say, will be Irish "foriver,"
Buy out Henry Ford and manufacture the flivver.
Albert Johnson, his helper, will have scarce time for his meals,
It will be his job to whittle the spokes for the wheels.

As a Prima Donna Ruth Walburn will win great renown,
Her records will be fine and will sell in every town.
Another one who will be successful is James McClannahan,
He will travel for Swift & Co. and sell Bacon and Ham.

Iva Stults will study hard and gain much knowledge,
Will be found in Texas as Dean in a College.
And as for myself all that the stars could contrive,
Was that until I am dead I will be alive. —Waneta Clark, '18.

JUNIOR

Juniors

As Freshmen we were unsurpassed
By any other first year class.
Then to be Sophomores we finally climbed
And were the rage most all the time.

We were so sweet, so shy and calm
That we were thought without harm.
But times have changed as they always do,
And we finally as Juniors come to you.

We've learned our lessons, every one,
(Besides having a barrel of fun).
No parties do we ever miss,
Nor basket ball nor that nor this.

And when we come to the Senior class,
We'll be just as good as we've been in the past.
Still working we hope to the first and best,
To graduate from the new H. H. S.—Martha Folk, '19.

Junior Class

The Juniors of Huntington High School are now looking back over three very happy years of their school days. They see in these three years many happy times that will never be forgotten.

The class of '19, while not especially noted for its social activities is noted for its loyalty to old H. H. S. No class has supported athletics more loyally than this one. None have been more patriotic than this one in aiding the Thrift Stamp, the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. drives. The girls are doing their part in the Sunshine Society and the boys are doing more patriotic work in the Boys' Working Reserve.

We are proud of our class, glad that we still have another year of work together, with the hopes of graduating in the new High School Building and glad that we are not Freshmen, Sophomores, or Seniors but just Juniors.

We are looking forward to one more year of hard work and lots of fun before we leave old H. H. S. and go out into the world to face our future. —Beatrice Brown, '19.

Junior Class Roll

Adams, Gladys
Amiss, Nellie
Applegate, Ray
Armstrong, Opal
Beaver, Helen
Becker, Margaret
Beemer, Earnest
Branstrater, Bessie
Bowers, Donald
Bell, Howard
Briggs, Mildred
Brock, Lucile
Brown, Beatrice
Brown, Kathryn
Brown, Roswell
Brown, Ward
Brubaker, George
Brubaker, Hazel
Bunker, Oscar
Burgett, Inez
Burns, Nellie
Burris, Erma
Bush, Mary
Carr, Ruth
Caswell, Jack
Chapman, Glenn
Conerty, Ansel
Cox, Howard
Creager, Merritt
Crist, Grace
Eisenhauer, Helen
Ellerman, Edith
Ertzinger, Earl
Folk, Ora
Folk, Martha
Furste, Mary
Finn, Leo
Glenn, Rundell
Gordon, Lester
Grupe, Walter
Gunzenhauser, Henry
Haag, Arthur
Harris, Myron
Heck, Grace
Heich, Emma
Hilyard, Helen
Hoch, Howard
Holsworth, Carl
Kaylor, Beatrice
Hosler, Virgil
Kennedy, Beatrice
Kenney, Helen
Keplinger, Grace
Koch, Alma
Klein, James
Larrick, Erma
Lovett, Margaret
Mahoney, Fern
McClellan, Gladys
Martin, Jacob
McClenehan, Herbert
McGee, Ralph
McMarlin, Mary
Mickley, Vaughn
Miller, Kenneth
Minton, Florenz
Moran, John
Morrett, Rex
Morse, Donald
Myers, Robert
Nichols, Mildred
Park, Berneice
Penland, Ermal
Pinkerton, Mildred
Pence, Fred
Plasterer, Eiffel
Poucher, Merle
Rannells, Lucile
Reed, Bruce
Rich, Perry
Rinebolt, Ruth
Robins, Marie
Rudig, Philip
Scheerer, Wilbur
Schoch, Zada
Satterwaite, Mildred
Settlemyre, John
Settlemyre, Ethel
Shearer, Herbert
Scott, Clella
Shriner, Richard
Shutt, Catherine
Smith, Justice
Smith, Mildred
Snowden, Gail
Strouse, Doris
Sullivan, Donnely
Telfer, Clarence
Thomas, Helen
Weiford, Paul
Walker, Geo. Albert
Wells, Melvin
Windemuth, Mildred
White, Lawrence
Whitacre, Irene
Williams, Muriel
Young, Margaret
Zigerli, Mary
Zinn, Bernard

THE CHRONICLES OF GEORGE—EXTRACTS FROM "EXPERIENCE"

(By a Junior)

Chapter I—Freshman Year

1.—Now it came to pass that George, son of Ike, set foot in a Ford, and did journey unto strange regions.

2.—And strange were the manners and customs of those who dwelt therein.

3—For after the fashion of those who know not the ways of the school, George got himself a book and did spend many tiresome hours in the reading thereof.

4.—And when George was come into that place which was called Mid-term, the heavens did open and the seas waxed great.

5.—But in the fullness of time the seas did calm and the sun did shine mightily upon the land.

6.—And lo, then came the young men together and did vie one with the other that they might know who was the mightiest on track.

7.—And George did also vie and skin his shins grievously upon the hurdles.

8.—And George went up into the high places and did seek industriously after knowledge.

9.—Whereat George was of two minds and did shake himself that he might be given wisdom.

10.—But George wot not of wot he wrote and grievous were the mistakes thereof.

11.—George having skammed through no longer was he of the green bunch.

Chapter II—Sophomore Year

1.—And it came to pass that the vacation which was of three months was come unto an end.

2.—And then the spirit of George waxed small with sorrow and straightway he betook himself unto his books.

3.—And behold he spake in a strange manner and his lips formed words unknown.

4.—And the girls said unto him, why dost thou deal thus with us? For he would kid them fondly.

5.—And they sayeth unto him, cease, Cecil.

6.—And lo, in the fullness of time again came the finals and joy sangeth in the heart of George for he jumpedth into the water and it was cool.

Chapter III—Junior Year

1.—And it came to pass that again came September the sixth and again did George hie himself to the store and got himself many books of great price and cracking them, did wax glassy-eyed with wonder; and found here a strange tribe, great was their number and scant their understanding.

2.—And George boned and fain would crack E's.

3.—And George did reckon upon the wall and make his curves of wonderous form.

4.—And in strange tongues did George speak, saying not what he thought nor what had meaning.

5.—Yea, even in the tongue of his fathers did George halt and chaw much chalk in spreading forth his line.

6.—And George betook himself unto divers tradesmen and returned lean in substance but like unto Solomon in his glory.

7.—And George did array himself in his raiment of many colors and gloried at the beauty thereof.

8.—And George swore, henceforth will I fuss fair dames.

9.—And on the morrow did his friends kid him mightily, casting evil spirits into his heart.

10.—And George clad himself in short raiment and did covet glory in the coliseum.

11.—Sore waxed the conflict and mighty the destruction thereof, and many the teeth George spat forth.

12.—And lo, again in the fullness of time, exams were handed unto George and he marveled much but wrote little, for, in the words of the Prophet, much is asked but little is answered.

13.—And to each exam was its mark, and George did report himself unto the office.

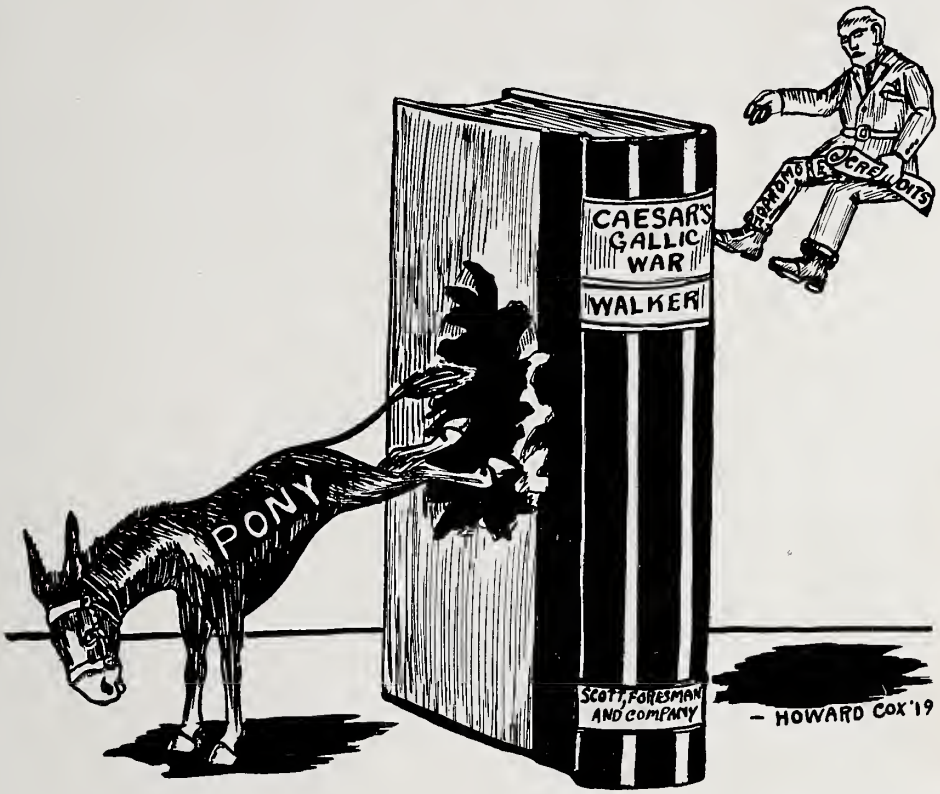
14.—And the office did say unto him, come to; look alive; set thy foot upon firmer ground.

15.—And George came to, and did set his foot upon firmer ground.

16.—And may that ground continue in its firmness.

—Donald Bowers, '19.

SOPHOMORE


CAESAR'S
GALLIC
WAR
WALKER
SCOTT, FORESMAN
AND COMPANY
PONY
FAMOUS SECRETS
— HOWARD COX '19

Sophomores

It's our second year in High School
And it seems so long ago,
Since we were whimpering Freshmen
Taking our place upon the roll.

People think us very childish,
But the reason I don't know;
For we've learned our multiplication,
And in Caesar we are not slow.

Then I suppose it is just because
We have only been here a year,
And as to being acquainted yet;
We have not become so yet I fear.

But you just wait until next year,
When to the Junior class we climb,
You'll find the stuff we're made of
Is from the very bestest kind.

—Margaret Harris, '18.

The Sophomore Class

We are the Sophomores, that industrious class who get their lessons, usually; for did you ever hear anyone recite in Geometry better (!?!) than Cecil Hurd, or translate Caesar like Clara Strodel or write poems like Elizabeth Kneipple?

We are a handsome class, two of the main factors being Jeanette Patterson's curls and Edwin Finn's neckties.

We are a very patriotic class, too, for we each are doing "our bit," observing the "less" days (and would here too suggest a "studyless" day), and "starring" in Red Cross memberships and Thrift Stamps.

Next year when we are the first "Jolly Juniors" in the new building we will make that history even greater and better than this one, and then when we are those dignified Seniors we will put every other Senior class in the background with our "brilliant" members and Helen Keller's giggle.

So have hopes, for us, you Senior of today!

—Ruth E. Butler.

Sophomore Class Roll

Adams, William
Adsit, Carl
Amiss, Neal
Anson, Susie
Balzer, Laura
Becker, Agnes
Biehl, Homer
Bippus, Wilma
Bonebrake, Mabel
Booth, Dorothy
Brennen, Richard
Burris, LaVine
Bussard, Herbert
Butler, Ruth
Carey, Orpha
Carlson, Lawrence
Castleman, Estle
Coble, Dick
Cook, Wilbur
DeCamp, Donald
Enyeart, Thelma
Fulton, Albert
Finn, Edwin
Fisher, Nellie
Fleener, Elvin
Fordyce, LaVine
Furste, Robert
Gardner, Mildred
Garretson, Mary
Goudy, Cleo
Harlow, Helen
Henry, Mary
Hodson, Lena
Hurd, Cecil
Hurdle, Paul
Heaston, Murielen
Jackman, Albert
Jackman, Raymond
Kaufman, Fred
Keller, Helen
Kennedy, Melvin
Kenower, John
Kneipple, Elizabeth
Kitt, Katherine
King, Walter
Kunce, Florence
LaVine, Ruth
McConkey, Dorothy
McClellan, Vera
McCarthy, Marie
McCrum, Martha
McGreevy, Parnell
McNabb, Howard
Metcalf, Grace
Miller, Grace
Morgan, Ruth
Morse, Lucile
Murphy, Temperance
Ormsby, Ray
Patterson, Jeanette
Paul, Palmer
Ream, Donald
Sicilia, Anthony
Skinner, Victor
Smetzer, Meredith
Smith, Ernest
Sparks, Letha
Spencer, Virginia
Steele, Lelia
Strause, Almira
Strodel, Clara
Stults, Carl
Stults, Porter
Swaim, Fred
Tobias, Hayden
Weber, Myrtle
Wolf, John
Wonderly, Robert
Young, Clarence
Zahm, Catherine
Zink, Carl

FRESHMEN

"Freshies"

We're just some little "Freshies,"
Scarcely through the "Primer Book,"
But say we want to tell you
We're not so green as we look.

We've been here just a week now
And say but we're "going some,"
We know a Senior from a teacher
And we don't feel quite so glum.

We know that we must not chew gum
And not eat sticks of candy,
For teachers always have pass-slips
Where they can reach them handy.
Yet we're awful scared when in Room 10
'Cause the teachers look so stern,
And we stay up pretty late at night,
That our lessons we may learn.

But still as we go on through school
They'll not treat us quite so mean,
For again we say, "We'll show 'em,
We're not as green as we seem."

—Elizabeth Kneipple, '19.

The Freshmen

The Freshmen class behave the best of any class in school. We do not flirt with the girls as the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors do. We know our business and go about it quietly.

We may be a little bashful about going down the aisles of Room 10 when we are excused (?) from class but in time we will get over that. The office will no longer have any terror for us. In short, we will be as brave as the Seniors. (Imagine.)

We will startle the teachers with our brilliant recitations and will continue it throughout our four years in High School.

As Seniors we will put out one of the best Annuals that has ever been printed. Our Senior play as well as the rest of our entertainments will be the best that have ever been known in the annals of old H. H. S.

—Gordon Cook, '21.

Freshmen Class Roll

Adams, Alva
Adams, Dorothy
Applegate, Bishop
Armstrong, Cecil
Barnes, Martha
Barron, Cyril
Beck, Jeannette
Beemer, Jacob
Bonebrake, Ralph
Briggs, Harley
Brightmire, Freda
Brooks, Blanche
Brown, Idabelle
Brown, Kathryn
Brown, Mabel
Brown, Olive
Burgett, Nina
Carleson, Ruth
Butler, Thad
Castleman, Leonard
Cheeseman, Earl
Coble, Beatrice
Cook, Gordon
Culp, Hale
Cutshall, Mary
Cutshall, Roderick
Deloin, Audrey
DeMoss, Russel
Diffenbaugh, Edwin
Dinius, Neox
Dipple, Randal
Dolson, Elizabeth
Draper, Alfred
Drover, Ruth
Emley, Irene
Enyert, Marcella
First, Donald
Fisher, Dale
Flaugher, Hazel
Foust, Robert
Frazier, Donald
Freele, Vivian
Fryback, Geraldine
Fuller, Louise
Fulton, Fern
Gear, Ellsworth
Gemmer, Gretchen
Glenn, Burr
Goble, Bertha
Grass, Jesse
Griffith, Berneice
Gunzenhauser, Kath.
Guthier, Maybelle
Harper, Esther
Heaston, Virginia
Hildebrand, Deloris
Hoch, Edith
Hodson, John
Holmes, Althea
Holmes, Mary
Hosler, Russel
Hoffman, Helen
Jamison, Donald
Johnson, George
Johnson, Leroy
Keplinger, Gresta
Kilander, Grace
Kitt, Dorothy
Kreamer, Marvel
Lavine, Edith
Lieber, Ray
Lowman, Margaret
Mahoney, Blanche
Maurer, Floyd
Mercer, Edith
Michel, Paul
Miesch, Carl
Miller, Ray
Morrett, Beulah
Motz, Lee
Moyer, Raymond
Mull, Margaret
Myers, Russel
Mygrants, Russel
Nix, Edward
Otis, Mildred
Poinier, Emmett
Prince, Marshall
Rankin, Myrtle
Raver, Ned
Ritenour, Ora
Ritenour, Paul
Rittger, Cecil
Scheerer, Ruth
Shaffer, Geraldine
Shaw, Alfred
Shaw, Louise
Shell, Emmett
Shroyer, Edwin
Smetzer, Grace
Smith, Augusta
Smith, Roland
Snider, Mary
Snyder, Edward
Snyder, Luella
Spigelmyre, Harriet
Steele, Thelma
Stetler, Margaret
Stetzel, Dale
Stults, Arline
Sullivan, Nelson
Swain, Mary
Thomas, Charles
Thomas, Helen
Tuttle, Lucius
Waikey, Edith
Walker, Nelson
Weber, William
Whiteside, Mildred
Wiles, Ralph
Windemuth, Esther
Woods, Frederick
Wright, Renwick
Wright, Wilson
Wygant, Lucile
Yergens, Elizabeth
Young, Frances
Young, Mary
Young, Ollie
Young, Oscar
Young, Ralph
Zeigler, Wilbur

SEPTEMBER

-HOWARD COX

Sept. 10—School begins with an unusual amount of brains in addition to its already abundant supply.

Sept. 11—A few Freshies (?) show a sad lack of the above mentioned.

Sept. 12—It's remarkable how "school keeps" these days; everyone is so astounded over the Senior class Prodigy — namely, "Austin."

Sept. 13—Already Darnall begins making clever remarks:—
Discussing the issue of search warrants concerning the liquor traffic, Darnall says:—"Yes, I know of a case where they did that."

Sept. 14—The end of a perfect (?) week. The Freshmen girls are made welcome at a party given by the Sunshine Society.

Sept. 17—Senior brilliancy revealed—
Freshman Girl—"Oh, but isn't the moon red tonight?"
Walter Yergens—"Yes, must have been on a stew on the milky way."

Sept. 18—Also a contribution from a Junior.
Don Morse—"Now that guy who just enlisted is a great runner."
Darnall—"Is he? He'll be good on the charge, then."
Don—"No, on the retreat."

Sept. 19—And now a Freshie is heard from. A certain independent Junior asked Harley Briggs—"Little boy, can you tell me what makes pop corn pop?"
Harley—"Huh. Any blockhead would know that of course —the fire."

Sept. 20—First Senior Meeting. Class elects officers. Congratulations Carl! The Juniors have a party at which a number of Seniors reign supreme in the way of a good time.

Sept. 21—H. S. spirit—school dismissed at 10:00 o'clock that we might bid our drafted boys farewell.

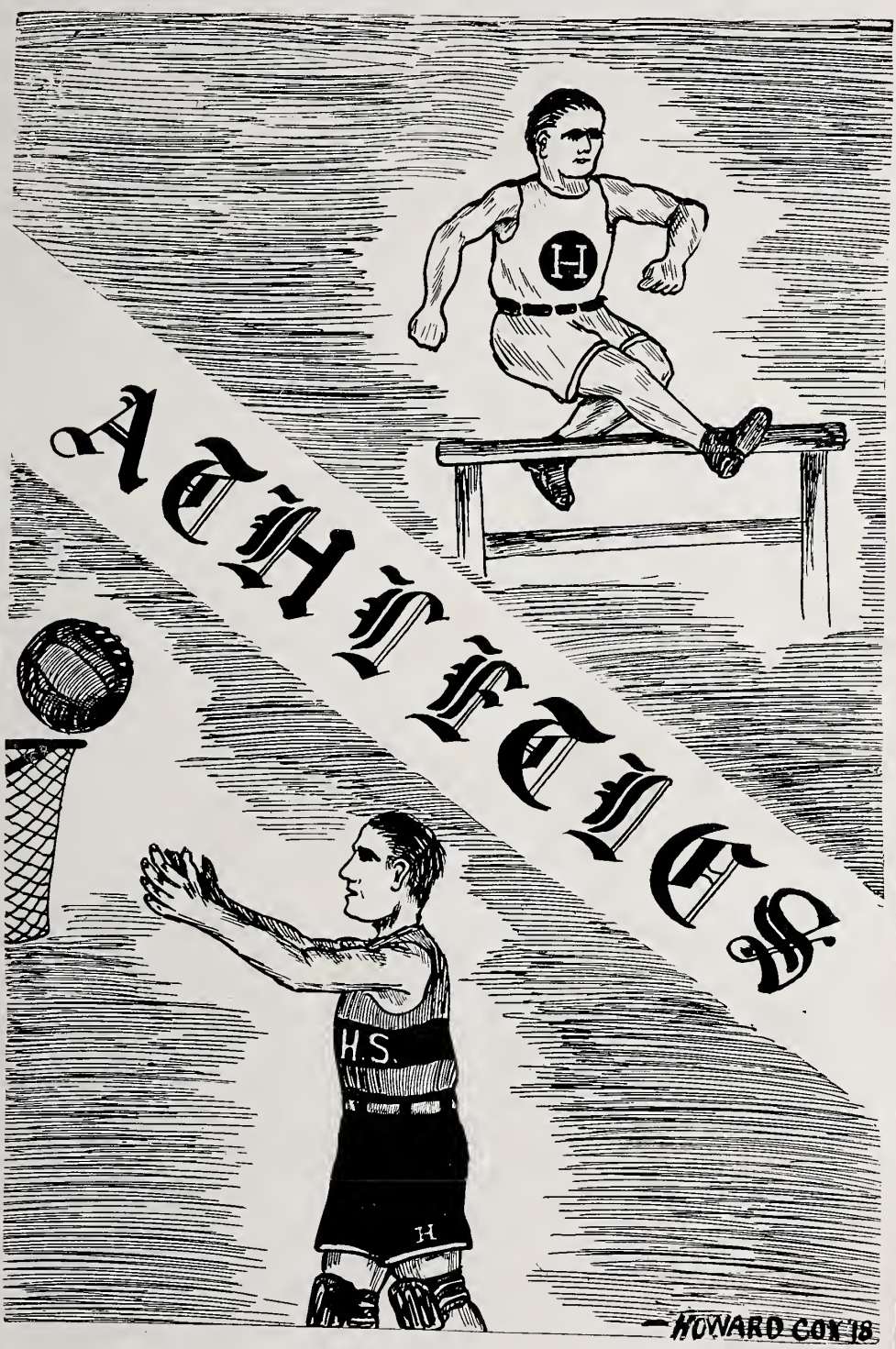
Sept. 24—The usual Monday morning drowsiness. Gus W. to H. Beihl—"Gosh boy your teeth are big. Do you know my teeth haven't grown since I was a kid." Wake up, Gus, for heaven's sake.

Sept. 25—Sunshine Society Meeting. It is decided to have a "Little Girls" party. Altogether boys, "You're Big Girls Now!"

Sept. 26—Don M.—"Let's take the girls to the movies tonight." Gus—"I'd like to but my other collar is at the laundry."

Sept. 27—Senior Girls Meeting to decide upon commencement gowns, economy rules and a decision is made to have quite inexpensive dresses. Bravo, girls!

Sept. 28—Hosts of smiling little girls flood the H. S. halls, hosts of dark night prowlers surround the lighted building. "Joy too intense turns to pain." Police. EXIT—Masculine spectators of the girls' frolic.


ACHIEVE
H
H.S.
H
—HOWARD COX '18

THE TEAMS IN SCHOOL.

OPIE

WALKER

MEHRE

FAT

WORMY

KENNEY

ZINNY

RUNT.

ATHLETICS IN H. H. S.

We may say without reserve or exception that the past athletic season has been the most successful in the history of the High School. This is true not only from a financial stand point but from the standpoint of results attained as well.

For the financial success of the season the school is indebted to the loyal support of its enthusiastic rooters who turned out for the games regardless of weather or the time of day. "As a result of the war," the Coliseum management found it necessary to charge more for the rent of the Coliseum than ever before, which necessitated a raise in the price of admission.

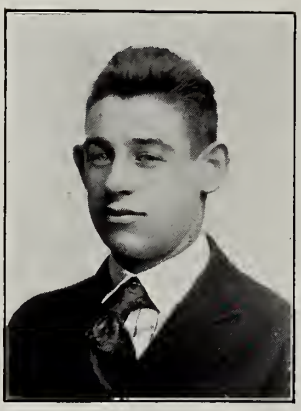
The basket ball team was also largely responsible for the success of the season because their brilliant team work and mysterious passing never failed to draw a good crowd. During the season 27 games were played and only 4 games were lost which proves the sterling qualities of the team Coach Darnall selected. The games this season were played with better and stronger teams than any former high school team ever encountered. Our fellows did not lose a game on the home floor which makes two successive seasons during which no games have been lost on the home floor. The success of this season has made it possible for Coach Darnall to schedule games with many of the best teams of the state for next season and a schedule even better than that of the past season is anticipated for next year.

The track season was also very successful and though our track men were unable to win the Wabash Valley meet they won the district meet which really is a much higher honor considering the fact that eleven high schools were represented. Rochester won the Wabash Valley trophy last year by a very narrow margin of points. This year, however, there will be more competition in the Wabash Valley meet because two strong schools have been admitted into the association and one of the weaker schools dropped out. The schools admitted are Kokomo and Logansport and Bluffton is the school which dropped out. Huntington's prospects are very bright despite the fact that we have lost some of the school's best athletes. More new talent than ever before has been developed and Coach Darnall looks forward to a very successful track season. Our track schedule for the present season is:

April 27—Wabash at Huntington.....Dual Meet
May 4—Valley Meet at Rochester.....Annual Meet
May 18—District Meet at Huntington.....Annual Meet
May 25—State Meet at Purdue.....Annual Meet

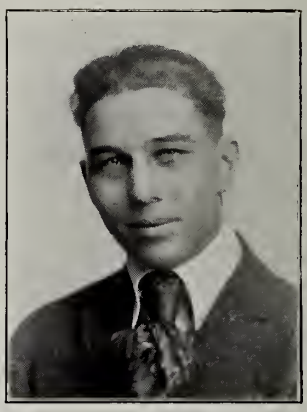
We hope to develop a relay team which will be able to duplicate the work of last year's team which won the relay race in both the Valley and District Meets.

ATHLETIC CLUB

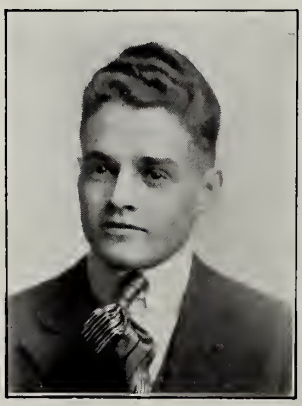


Harry Mehre

Glenn Johnson



Warren Cook

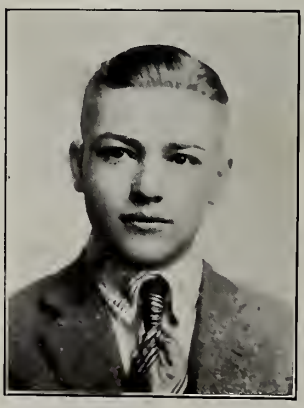


Kendrick Grayston

Howard Dill

Paul Kriegbaum

Elvin Fleener



George Albert Walker

ATHLETIC CLUB

A new phase of Athletic life entered into last year with Coach Darnall as the instigator is that of the Athletic Club. The purpose of the organization is to promote Athletics, not only in special lines but in all branches. In order to qualify for the club it is necessary for the individual to make ten of the thirteen track events. Not only does this club give the coach a broader idea as to the abilities of his men but it makes it much easier for him to place the men on his track team. Starting out with several members last year the club at present numbers eighteen and daily, fellows are qualifying. On the opposite page are the pictures of the members in school at this time. The club at present consists of:

1. Harry Mehre, '18.
2. George A. Walker, '19.
3. Kendrick Grayston, '18.
4. Howard Kacy, '17.
5. Mark Paul, '17.
6. Glenn Johnson, '18.
7. Glenn Tobias, '17.
8. Earl Heck, '17.
9. Warren Cook, '18.
10. DeForest Dumbauld, '19.
11. Lynn Wygant, '17.
12. Claude Morgan, '17.
13. Elvin Fleener, '20.
14. Paul Kriegbaum, '18.
15. Howard Dill, '18.
16. Ray Applegate, '19.
17. Forrest Creager, '18.
18. John Moran, '19.

THE HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The H. H. S. A. was organized in the year of 1911, with a membership of about fifty; the membership now numbers 186. To become a member this year, it was necessary to purchase a two-dollar season ticket for the basket-ball games. Thus membership was not only gained but the average rate per game being about 20 cents, the regular admission being 35 cents.

The team distinguished themselves, their High School and Huntington by their extraordinarily splendid work at the district tournament at Hartford City. The association was especially pleased to see the number of "backers" from Huntington that attended the tournament. Extra expense was added to the treasury but it was an honorable expense and it brought about victory. The team again distinguished themselves at the state tournament held at Bloomington. The total expenditures were $748.81, and the gate receipts were $806.60.

The success for this year is attributed to Prof. M. C. Darnall, faculty manager and coach, Carl Neuer, student manager, Evelyn Schacht treasurer and Prof. J. J. Hornback, faculty treasurer. Last but not least to C. E. Byers who is always ready to help in any way possible to make our athletic association a success.

The new high school itself tends to make the athletics of our High School have a greater standard than it has at present, so every member of the student body should join this association next year and keep up the good name of the Huntington High School in athletics.

—Evelyn Schacht, '18.

H.H.S
H.S.
H.S.

THE SEASON'S RECORD

H. H. S.	18	—Kokomo	24
H. H. S.	48	—Warren	18
H. H. S.	57	—Hartford City	15
H. H. S.	22	—Kokomo	16
H. H. S.	22	—Anderson	18
H. H. S.	60	—Marion	22
H. H. S.	34	—Rochester	27
H. H. S.	51	—Fairmount Academy	25
H. H. S.	25	—Rochester	35
H. H. S.	45	—Richmond	24
H. H. S.	62	—Kendallville	24
H. H. S.	40	—Logansport	22
H. H. S.	52	—Logansport	19
H. H. S.	27	—Anderson	36
H. H. S.	67	—Akron	14
H. H. S.	34	—Kendallville	33
H. H. S.	41	—Richmond	21
H. H. S.	45	—Akron	26
H. H. S.	53	—Bluffton	29
H. H. S.	37	—Hartford City	32
Total	840	— Total	480

District Tournament

H. H. S.	83	—Toscin	19
H. H. S.	65	—Markle	33
H. H. S.	72	—Geneva	32
H. H. S.	82	—Bluffton	17
Total	302	— Total	101

State Tournament

H. H. S.	32	—Washington	21
H. H. S.	24	—Vincennes	12
H. H. S.	24	—Anderson	29
Total	80	— Total	62

Season's Results

Won	23	— Lost	4
H. H. S. points	1222	—Opponents	643

BASKET BALL SEASON

Kokomo 24, H. H. S. 18. On October 31 we opened our season at Kokomo. All our men played like veterans in this game and managed to keep the result of the game ever in doubt until the last few minutes of play when Kokomo managed to forge ahead, via the horse shoe route—that is by means of a series of long shots. The excellent team work and passing surpassed that of any former H. H. S. team and though the game ended with Kokomo at the long end of the score, Coach Darnall's smile told just what he thought of the game as well as prospects for the future. Every man played his position and there was no attempt at individual playing by any of our fellows.

WARREN 18, H. H. S. 48. On November 9 our team journeyed to Warren and so completely defeated the Warren quintet that when the final whistle blew we had a 30 point lead. The mysterious passing and whirlwind plays of our fellows so mystified the Warren boys that they were lost. The game was never in doubt. Kriegbaum was the individual point winner of the game, netting a total of 22 points. The brilliant game played by our fellows was a revelation to even the local fans who accompanied the team.

Hartford City 15, H. H. S. 57. On November 16 Hartford City opened the local season on the coliseum floor and were defeated before one of the largest crowds that ever witnessed a High School game in Huntington. Every fellow on our team covered himself with glory. Hartford City's attempts to score were met with such determination and skill by our guards that they managed to get but four field goals. Our forwards handled the ball with such precision and accuracy that their constant scoring kept the crowd in a continuous uproar of applause. Kriegbaum was again the individual point-winner of the game with 23 points. Needless to say such playing caused hopes for a team that could win the district honors and cause H. H. S. to be represented at the state meet for the first time.

Kokomo, 16, H. H. S. 22 Ah, revenge is sweet. On November 23 the Kokomo H. S. team journeyed to our fair city with the game as they thought all but won. However before the game had progressed very far they discovered their mistake, but alas, too late. Our boys played with a determination born of desperation and despite the fact that the first half ended a tie they came back strong the last half and won by a margin of 6 points. The game was a battle royal and kept the record-breaking crowd continually on its feet in thunders of applause. The superior team-work of our fellows and the sensational basket shooting of Kriegbaum were the deciding factors of the game.

Anderson 18, H. H. S. 22. On November 28 Anderson, although doped as one of the strongest teams in the state went down in defeat before our fellows in one of the hardest fought games ever played on the Coliseum floor. Anderson's coach this year was the man whose genius as a coach won the state championship for the Lebanon H. S. last year. The teamwork of the Anderson team gave evidence to the fact that he was a real coach and it was only through the loyal support of the local fans and the inspiring words of Coach Darnall coupled with a Napoleonic persistency that our fellows were able to win. The score for the first half gave Anderson a 5 point lead, and the fact that our team could come from behind under such unfavorable circumstances and win, proved to the students that they were represented this year by a team worthy of the best support.

Huntington 60, Marion 22. Lo, and yet another victim is found. On December 7, our fellows took Marion into camp on the local floor by a score of 60 to 22. This game assumed a lop-sided aspect from the start, and at no time was the outcome of the game in doubt. The superb teamwork and whirlwind passes which enabled our team to win by such a large score, showed the results of the rigorous coaching which the team had received from Coach Darnall since the Anderson game. Every man played like a cog of a well oiled machine and did his particular part to perfection. The Marion team played well but were unable to break through the wonderful defensive of our team and to stop the persistent scoring of our team.

Rochester 27, H. H. S. 34. For the second time in the history of our high school a Huntington team managed to defeat the Rochester H. S. in basketball. The crowd began to gather early for this game of games and by

the time the whistle announced the start of the game the Coliseum was packed by a crowd of enthusiastic rooters. Our fellows were given a scare when the first half ended with Rochester at the long end of a 12 to 17 score, but again displaying a bull-dog tenacity of purpose they threw the surprise of a life time into the Rochester camp by coming from behind in the last half and winning by a margin of 7 points. Pandemonium broke loose among the fans during the last half of this game and it is needless to say that their joy knew no bounds. Every man on the local team played the game of his life during the last half of this game and the team developed as never before into a well oiled, smoothly moving, scoring machine which nothing could stop.

Fairmount 25, H. H. S. 51. Flushed with the victory over the Rochester team our fellows journeyed to Fairmount and avenged the disgraceful defeat suffered at the hands of Fairmount four years ago. The victory was decisive and again victory was due to the unfailing team-work and brilliant passing of our fellows. Kriegbaum attempted to "hog" the limelight as usual and succeeded as never before, making over thirty points.

Rochester 35, H. H. S. 25. Nope, it is not a misprint, our fellows just naturally got so tired of winning games that they began to feel ashamed of themselves and decided to slow up a bit and allow the Rochester team to win this game. They actually forgot themselves part of the time and from force of habit forged ahead but the pleadings of the Rochester fans became so pathetic that the game ended with Rochester the winner by 10 points. The playing of our fellows in this game was somewhat a revelation to the Rochester fans who expected to see a team who played like the gang of subs we sent up last year that were so disgracefully beaten.

Richmond 24, Huntington 45. Resolved not to allow sentiment to sway them again from the path of duty (as it did at Rochester) our fellows went to Richmond on the 4th of January with the determination to start the new year right. They succeeded so well in carrying out their intentions that they almost doubled the score on the fast going Richmond quintet. The game was a surprise to High School basket-ball fans all over the state, because Richmond was reckoned as one of the best coached teams in the state. Never had our fellows played with more speed, accuracy and orilliance. Needless to say the elation of Coach Darnall was reflected on the student body and hopes began to run high for a team which might successfully contend for state honors.

Kendallville 24, Huntington 62. Kendallville came to our fair city on the 11th of January filled with high hopes and delusions but their air castles were a mass of ruins by the time the final whistle blew; the battering attack and wonderful defense of our team proved to be more than effective. Kriegbaum again "hogged" the limelight running up a total of 30 points. Kendallville explained the defeat by saying that the fault all lay with two of their players named Kaiser and France. Well, we agreed with them that when two such opposing factors attempted to work together that that side had better quit.

Logansport 22, Huntington 40. On the 18th of January our fellows took a little pleasure trip to Logansport and brought back with them the scalp of the Logansport quintet and also our valiant captain, though against the best advice of the authorities. The game was never in doubt as to the outcome and two of our subs were allowed to take the places vacated by the fellows whose consciences began to hurt them for beating the opposing team so badly.

Anderson 36, Huntington 27. On January 25 we journeyed to Anderson and though our fellows managed to play a great game the Anderson quintet won by a margin of 9 points. The game was full of thrills and at no time was Anderson secure until the final whistle. A great crowd witnessed the game and the playing of our fellows kept the huge crowd in a continuous uproar. Although beaten our fellows returned to Huntington still filled with the same "pep" and determination and they all asked for nothing more than another chance at the Anderson quintet. Coach Darnall was far rrom disheartened and in fact seemed pleased with the outcome of the game, since it seemed to only fill our fellows with a new and better determination.

Bluffton 29, Huntington 53. For the first time since the defeat in the finals of last years district meet our fellows encountered the Bluffton quintet. Every man was filled with a determination to wipe out the defeat of last year and played with a brilliancy and dash never before exhibited and managed to beat the Bluffton quintet by a decisive margin of 22 points. The game was played in Bluffton which made the victory doubly significant because it proved the ability of our fellows to beat their ancient rivals on their own floor. The results of this game probably more than any other showed the effects of the rigorous coaching and hard practice which our team had undergone since the defeat of last year. Every local fan was more than pleased with the outcome of the game and confidence in the team was raised even higher than before.

Logansport 19, Huntington 52. Logansport came to Huntington for the next game and were defeated in a one-sided game by a margin of 31 points. Every player played his position with the ease of a veteran and the team developed into a smoothly running machine with an irresistible ability to score at will. Kriegbaum and Creager divided honors in this game, both scoring 8 field goals.

Kendallville 33, Huntington 34. Well it certainly did look as though Kendallville had taken a brace. The only explanation we have for the very evident improvement in the Kendallville team seems to lie in the sad fact that France failed to appear in line-up of the Kendallville team and Kaiser to all appearances had things his way completely shutting out Walker whom he was guarding. Kendallville produced another historical star named Moses and it was chiefly because of his efforts in the last half that our fellows came so near being beaten.

Akron 14, Huntington 67 On the day following the game with Kendallville our fellows entertained the Akron quintet at the Coliseum and defeated them so easily that it looked as though they had loafed in the game with Kendallville in order to be in condition for the game with Akron. Our fellows employed their steam roller tactics and were absolutely irresistible in their attacks and as staunch as a stonewall in their defensive play. Three of our subs played in this game and proved their ability to take the place of the regular members of the first squad.

Richmond 21, Huntington 41. Richmond visited us on February 16 and were filled with the determination to defeat our team. It looked as though their determination was not in vain when the first half ended with Richmond only 3 points behind. Our fellows came back strong the last half however and when the final whistle blew our fellows had increased their lead to 20 points. The Richmond team showed evidence of having undergone a considerable change since the last game with our fellows and only because of its superior team-work and speed was our team able to win.

Akron 26, Huntington 45... On February 23 we played the return game with Akron at Akron and were able to win only by playing a real game of basket ball. Akron showed exceptional form and their forwards demanded close attention at all times. It was in this game that Mehre proved himself a star by making 8 field goals. Creager was detained at home on account of the measles and his position on the team was ably filled by Grayston who played a good game, finding the basket for 4 field goals.

Hartford City 32, Huntington 37. On March 1, we finished our schedule by defeating Hartford City on their floor by a margin of 5 points. The game was close at all times but the wonderful team work of our fellows pulled them thru all their difficulties. By winning this game our fellows were reasonably certain of winning the district meet because they had defeated all the best teams of the district on their own floors. With the big District tournament only a week off the excitement in the school began to be very keen and in fact certain professors began to complain of a lack of interest being displayed by some pupils with regards to their work.

THE DISTRICT TOURNAMENT, HARTFORD CITY.

Tocsin 19, Huntington 83. On March 8 our fellows played the opening game of the district tournament with Tocsin. The line-up of the game for the local team was as follows: Creager and Zinn, forwards; Glenn, center and Grayston and Mehre guards. Thus it will be seen that the game was played almost entirely by substitutes. However, the results of the game seemed to prove to Coach Darnall that he had no real substitutes but eight first class players. Never did a Huntington High School team play with more pep than was displayed in this game by our supposed subs. The game was lopsided from the start with Huntington's perfect scoring machine working as never before. Creager and Glenn managed to drop in baskets so fast that it was almost impossible to keep track of the score. With lightning-like rapidity the ball would travel from player to player and before the astonished Tocsin players knew for sure just what was happening the ball was swishing through the basket. Zinn played with the coolness and precision of a veteran. The work of Grayston and Mehre at guard was little short of phenominal, they seemed to be every where at once and allowed their men to make but 2 field goals. The playing of our fellows was a complete revelation for the basket ball fans from all over the district and it is needless to say that the joy of the local fans on hearing of the outcome of the game knew no bounds.

Markle 33, Huntington 65. In the evening of the same day we encountered the Markle quintet and again Coach Darnall started three subs. This game was one of thrills and proved the irresistible qualities of our team. The subs who started the game were tired from the morning game and were forced to slow up to such an extent that the first half ended with Markle at the long end of a 22 to 16 score. The second half however found Creager replacing Zinn at forward, Kriegbaum replacing Glenn at center and Johnson replacing Grayston at guard, which placed our entire first team on the floor for the first time. The result of this change was almost inconceivable and before the astonished Markleites realized what was happening our fellows were ahead and piling up an insurmountable lead. Time and again the ball would fly from center and with perfect precision would go sailing thru the basket on the signal from center. Kriegbaum and Creager starred at basket shooting.

Geneva 32, Huntington 72. On the second day of the tournament our fellows met the Geneva High School team and defeated them with astonishing ease and in true championship form. The game was started by our first string men and was never in doubt for an instant. Every man played an excellent game and the team developed to an irresistible scoring machine. Many Huntington rooters were present for this game and stated that they had never seen our fellows play a better brand of ball. The excitement in Huntington was very high and the crowds flocked around bulletin boards with more eagerness than they had during the World's Series at Chicago.

Bluffton 17, Huntington 82. One of the happiest moments of a life time came to the players on our team when they managed to beat Bluffton in the final game of the tournament by a margin of 65 points. For three years Bluffton has managed to play Huntington in the final game of the District Tournament and until this year managed to keep Huntington from winning by just a few points. This decisive victory was a surprise to local fans and proved as no other game had ever done before that our men were of true championship caliber, for it is almost inconceivable that a team could play thru a district tournament and in the final game run up such an astonishingly high score. The huge crowd that witnessed this game was kept in a continuous roar of applause by the brilliant playing of our team. Words seemed to fail to express the admiration of the Hartford City rooters for our team. The joy of the local High School student body knew no bounds for never before had a local basket-ball team won the right to represent our High School at a state meet. In addition to the honor of winning the district championship, every man on our team won a place on the All District team.

STATE MEET BLOOMINGTON.

Washington 21, Huntington 32. On the 15th of March Huntington played the first of its games at the State tournament with Washington High School. It took sometime for our fellows to adjust themselves to the larger floor and they contented themselves with playing a cautious game, never however, allowing the Washington team to get too close. They were plainly saving themselves for the harder games. Creager and Walker proved their ability and caged six field goals apiece. Kriegbaum did good work at center and Johnson and Mehre held their men to three field goals. The news of this victory was extremely gratifying to the hundreds of anxious fans in Huntington.

Vincennes 12, Huntington 24. During the morning session of the 2nd day of the tournament our fellows defeated Vincennes in a hard fought game by a score of 2 to 1. During the first half, the air-tight guarding of Johnson and Mehre was so effective that Vincennes was unable to secure a single field goal. Creager, Walker and Kriegbaum caged 2 field goals apiece while Mehre led with 3 field goals to his credit. Kriegbaum made 6 of 8 free throws which proved his ability to make foul shots. The game was of special interest to local fans because earlier in the tournament the speedy Kokomo team had fallen an easy victim to the sturdy Vincennes team. Wland, the huge Vincennes center, tho one of the fastest and heaviest men in the tournament was held to 2 field goals by Kriegbaum.

Anderson 29, Huntington 24. In the semi-finals, on the afternoon of the second day of the tournament our fellows lost to Anderson in a heart-breaking game by the narrow margin of 5 points. The game was played throughout by our first string players and in spite of the up-hill aspect of the game they played the game of their lives and lost the game thru no fault of their own. The first half ended with Anderson leading by 1 point. Before the second half had progressed very far our fellows had taken the lead from the Anderson quintet and retained this lead until the last few minutes of play when Anderson forged ahead thru the efforts of Cannon, the star forward, when he made three almost impossible shots from the middle of the floor in quick succession. Kriegbaum and Cannon tied for high point honors both making 12 points. Johnson and Mehre did good work at guard and Creager and Walker played an excellent game in the forward positions. Altho the team lost it made Anderson play real basket ball and the worth of our team is plainly shown by the fact that Lebanon, the state champions were forced to play an extra five minutes period by Anderson in the final game of the tournament.

In speaking of the State Tournament the local fans and players cannot speak too highly of the excellent entertainment afforded them by the different Fraternities of Indiana University.

Paul Kriegbaum, Center.
"I just can't miss that basket". Altho' "Fat" never said anything like this, it seems, nevertheless to be true for he knows always just where to drop the ball to let it thru'.

Forrest Creager, Forward.
"Opie" is one of the boys that developed into a wonder this last season. Could anyone have seen the dissipated soda squirt they would have sworn such a creature could not be a basket ball star.

Glenn Johnson, Guard, Captain.
"Wormy", has shown the H. S. fans some true basket-ball this season. Many were the games where Glenn held his man to no points while he himself dropped in two or three in the meantime.

Harry Mehre, Guard.
"Nuxiated", was sure a great find. One might as well try to plow thru' a brick wall as to try to pass Harry; and think on the floor his ears never bothered him in the least.

George A. Walker, Forward.
Smaller than the rest but still gave some visiting guards a great deal of trouble. It's true that George Albert can play a much better game if Dorothy happens to occupy a seat in the bleachers.

Kendrick Grayston, Sub.
"Doc" has sure won himself a good name in basket-ball. When given a chance he cuts loose on the floor like a whirlwind and it is useless for anyone to try to find him.

Bernard Zinn, Sub.
"Slats" is a promising amateur. He didn't realize that he was so good until he tried out in the fall and won himself a berth on the squad. We look for big things from him in seasons to come.

Rundell Glenn, Sub.
"Aw, that ain't Kriegbaum", someone was heard to say when "Runt" stepped out to center's position at Hartford City. True it wasn't but Rundell showed the fans some real basket ball.

OCTOBER

-HOWARD COX

Oct. 1—Helen Keller in Public Speaking discusses a school in the West where the pupils are not permitted to go home to their people during the whole four years' course. "Of course," she says, "If they're dead they might go home."

Oct. 2—Miss Altman has the first chance to apply her "first aid to the injured" cabinet. Katherine Shutt slipped and gave her arm a "hard-wood finish."

Oct. 3—Darnall in History—"Jackson knew his own supporters."

Oct. 4—Thank goodness! It rained today and S. S. experimented on their "umbrella checking system."

Oct. 5—Miss Caley—"A preposition is a very bad word to end a sentence with."

Oct. 9—Lester Gordon—"I hear Miss Hoffman almost had an awful accident last night."
Ora F.—"How's that?"
Lester—"She went to sleep on a switch."

Oct. 10—Mr. Tyner speaks of the degrading influences of a few Southern schools, and describes one very untidy girl, adding "and you know, her hair—well, it had—inhabitants."

Oct. 11—French is discussed by a couple of ardent students.
Ralph G.—"O, I think French is a joke."
"Yours is," retorted Howard D.

Oct. 12—Prof. Byers advises Seniors in 4-2 English how to choose a life mate—then he details his experience in married happiness, ending with, "You know experience is the best teacher."

Oct. 15—Papa, sternly—"Who called on you last evening, Mabel?"
M. Bonebrake—"Why, only Lucile, father."
Dad—"Well, you tell Lucile she left her pipe on the piano."

Oct. 16—Gossip has not yet been excluded from the H. S. halls. For instance, this bit of conversation was heard as Jessie Grass was seen floating into assembly: "She's a decided blonde, isn't she?"
"Yes, she just decided lately." And many a man's tongue has broken his nose, too.

Oct. 17—Just an ordinary day, sun rises at 6 a. m. and sets at 6:30. Wonderful clouds, all with silver linings.

1918 CONSERVATIONS

1.—Conserve criticism for future annuals—this one has received enough.

2.—Conserve food, save room for a drink or two.

3.—Conserve wheat flour by using rice powder (recommended as very good for the complexion).

4.—Conserve chewing gum wrappers, they're worth money with steadily raising price.

5.—Conserve ideas, valuable because of their scarcity, and ever-increasing frailty.

6.—Conserve dates, they are predicted to be few. 'Count of the war!

7.—Conserve hair pins. Bobbing your hair is an up-to-date and quite reasonable way.

8.—Conserve your gift of gab by learning shorthand.

9.—Conserve speed, too much is being wasted now.

10.—Conserve thoughts, you may need them.

11.—Conserve paper for the 1919 Modulus. There's a reason.

12.—Conserve an extravagant expenditure of love, until the right one comes along.

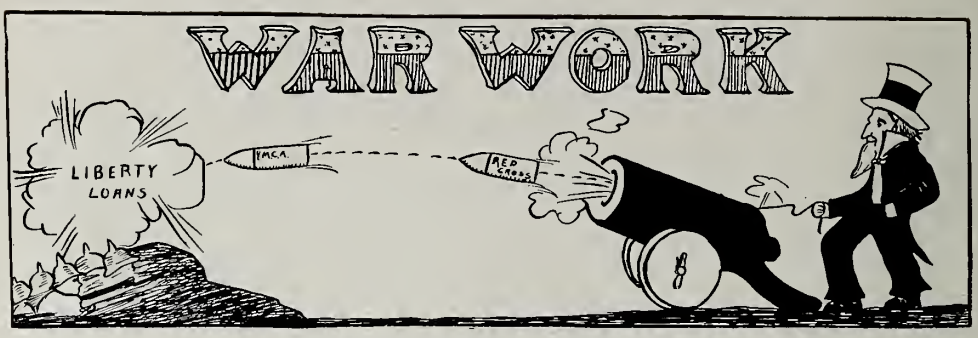
13.—Conserve found articles, a reward may yet be offered.

14.—Conserve old clothes, the annual visit of the rag man is drawing near.

15.—Conserve laughter, the humor of this Modulus is liable to cause convulsions.

"DARNALL"

A FEW OF OUR LIBERTY LADS
IN CAMP ★★★ AT SEA
AND IN FRANCE



PATRIOTIC EXERCISES

Probably the first factor in our "patriotic education" is our splendid programs, so carefully planned by the faculty. It is indeed a splendid idea bringing our foremost speakers into the school room —corrected misconceptions, bringing "home" truths and inspiring this youth "to do its bit"; for through the youthful medium is the work carried into the homes.

Our first address was given on October 29, by Mr. Asa Smith, representing the National Boy's Working Reserve. On December 5, Mr. W. D. Hamer and Mr. Scudder brought patriotic messages to the students and Miss Dorothy Ewing gave a very beautiful patriotic solo. Two of our "Liberty Lads" were speakers of December 6—Lieut. Philip Payne of Camp Greene, N. C. and Ben Harrel of the Aviation School and Cornell University. No speaker brought before the H. H. S. audience was more enthusiastically received than Mr. Fred Bowers and his address of December 20 was especially inspiring—mainly in the interest of the Red Cross drive. Prof. Swihart had charge of the exercises on January 12—National Song Day. Patriotic songs were never before rendered with such spirit.

Y Drive.—The nation wide Y. M. C. A. War Funds drive was commanded in H. H. S. by Walter Skinner, although it seemed leadership was superfluous—so boundless and "one man" spirited was the entire student body. At the start the drive was only worked among the boys when the girls arose in protest and at a mass meeting appointed Waneta Clark and Margaret Lovett their leaders in securing pledges among the girls. H. H. S. went "over the top" in several days and the total amount of their subscriptions far exceeded the quota. The total was $1031.50. The largest contribution from any student was $30. That sum was given by Austen Snowden.

Red Cross Drive.—Not a slacker in H. H. S.! Nothing could have been easier than the Red Cross Membership Drive in H. H. S.

Miss VanAntwerp headed the committees composed of the students of the rooms. The day following the real start rooms began to turn in their reports of "All members of Red Cross"—Miss Hoffman's room of freshmen was the first to put up their completed Red Cross flag but the other rooms soon fell in line. By the last day the official report was given out "Every member of H. H. S. is a member of the Junior Red Cross." Boasting of these war activities is loathsome at this time—it is not our intention to boast of these sums of money contributed but rather the remarkable spirit displayed in so doing.

Thrift Stamp Drives.—At the different times in each of the rooms teachers or outside workers spoke to the students urging them to invest in Thrift and War Savings Stamps. And it was soon discovered that such urgings were not necessary for the majority of H. H. S. pupils were lending their pocket money to Uncle Sam in this way each week. The results of the last drive put on in the rooms were certainly surprising and pleasing—the H. H. S. total amount of money thus far invested was $3316.50. Room 1 reported the highest per cent. Among thirty-one Freshmen students enrolled here there was $246.50 reported invested. Room 7 with an enrollment of seventy-four was the first room to hand in 100 per cent report. Isn't it a satisfying feeling to realize that one of our quarters will give some Sammy a meal?

Red Cross Work.—Knitting bags and fancy yarns have been as common and seemingly as much of a fad among H. H. S. maidens as anywhere, but a completed report of knitting and sewing done by the girls would surely be surprising. It is impossible to tell of the extent of the knitting and sewing for most of the girls did "personal" work—sweaters for brothers or socks for sweethearts—but through our Sewing Department under Miss Summer's teachings an immense amount of Red Cross work has been completed. In the near future a special Surgical Dressing Class is to be installed in the Domestic Art Department where the girls will be enabled each day to do something for our Sammies and Jackies along with their regular school work. The following is the report of the garments completed with Red Cross material:

Sweaters	41	Sheets	5
Socks, pairs	6	Bags	14
Scarfs	10	Hoods	119
Hospital Shirts	11	Pinafores	8
Bed Socks	180	Booties	109
Pillow Cases	10	Capes	2
Baby Layettes	8		

First Aid Class.—An additional feature of H. S. course offered the girls was installed during the first semester by our dean, Miss Altman. This was in the form of a First Aid Class—work much in demand at this time of war. Lectures along the lines outlined by the Red Cross were given twice a week by Dr. M. C. Hicks with Miss Holmes, the Visiting Nurse, assisting in practical illustrated lessons in bandaging, restoration and the like. At the end of lessons the girls were each required to pass a test, compiled by the Red Cross at Washington, for which they received a diploma, naming them efficient in the art of First Aid Nursing. Many minor instances in school life have occurred during the year when the girls have been given a chance to practice their lessons.

The Boys' Working Reserve.—A definition of this splendid organization is given by the Honorable Isaac D. Straus, director of the Reserve in the "Indiana Text Book for High Schools." He says:—"The United States Boys' Working Reserve is an enrolled army of patriotic volunteer youths between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one years, organized under the United States Department of Labor, to help the nation on the farm and in the factory to win the war. Every boy who is physically fit, who is of proper age, is eligible for this non-military civilian army."

Huntington High School has responded to the call. There are fifty-seven enrolled. These boys are under the supervision of Professor Tyner, the high school director.

"SUNSHINE" OFFICERS

THE SUNSHINE SOCIETY

The Sunshine Society has spun its golden way through another year of little acts of kindness. Its aim has ever been to extend heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved, bring comfort and cheer to the sick, bid newcomers kindly welcome, and endeavor to exist according to its motto, 'Others." The girls continually strive to elevate the standard of this organization and we can truthfully say, have succeeded in all their attempts to bring sunshine into the darkest corners.

The society, in taking charge of all duties pertaining to the rest-room, has devised an umbrella checking system which has prevented the loss of numerous umbrellas. Other small duties performed here and there have helped to make cleanliness and order the prevailing features.

Socially, all the girls of the High School will vouch for the good times to be had at "Sunshine" parties. Financially, the girls have displayed skill and ability in handling their affairs and have been quite capable in carrying out their plans for the betterment of the school. Letters of consolation, flowers and fruit have gladdened many hearts where sickness or sorrow have entered. Truly, the girls, as a society and as individuals, have lent sunshine where'er they have been.

As an organization, the club consists of the following officers, chosen at the beginning of the year: President, Edna Cook; vice-president, Evalyn Schacht; secretary, Madge Whiteside; treasurer, Marvel Culp.

The social committee has as its chairman, Helen Walknetz, the chairman of the Lost and Found Committee has as its head Evalyn Talley and Harriet Wearly is chairman of the Absentee Committee.

—Helen Walknetz, '18.

At the beginning of the term it was announced by the School Board that Miss Cora D. Altman, English Instructor of H. H. S. had been officially appointed Dean of the H. H. S. Girls. For years Miss Altman has of her own will held practically this position among the girls. Her work in the Sunshine Society and her personal work with individuals have always endeared her to the students, but not until this year when she has received public recognition of her work have people realized the immensity of her duties. It is the desire of the Modulus Staff to express their recognition and appreciation of these facts.

NOVEMBER

Nov. 1-2—Vacation because of Teacher's Institute at Indianapolis. Everybody happy?

Nov. 5—Mr. Byers discusses the origin of a yew-tree with Ed. Weese, and says—"Ed. What is a yew?"
Ed.—"Why, a yew is a big buck sheep!"

Nov. 6—Owing to the strife and general warfare displayed at Senior meeting this noon, Seniority decided to agree on colors, "Blue and Gray," indicative of another equally important war.

Nov. 7—J. Patterson—"Did you notice the stars last eve. They seemed so near and so beautiful."
Solomon B.—"Ha! Who did you have a date with, Jeanette? It seems you must have been near heaven."

Nov. 8—Prof. Byers speaks upon acceptable articles for "Old Relic War Fund" and says—"For instance broken spoons—there are PLENTY, PLENTY of those."

Nov. 9—Forrest C.—"Say, General, what is the line of least resistance?"
Warren C.—"A woman's waistline, my son."

Nov. 12—Room I is flooded with green and expectant freshies all because some fun-loving upper-classman wanted a little excitement and posts this notice: "FRESHMAN MEETING, ROOM 1, 11:35, IMPORTANT." And the poor freshies waited—waited in vain—for the Important Business.

Nov. 13 —Sunshine Meeting. Girls are asked to work for the Red Cross.

Nov. 14—Ray Ormsby (in geometry class)—"But, Mrs. Templeton, I'm trying."
Mrs. T.—"Yes, very."

Nov. 15—Merle Poucher—"Don't you think my complexion is good on my face today?"

Nov. 16—Blessed be those visiting days. Teachers again take pity on us and give us a day's freedom.

Nov. 17—Howard Cox—"George Washington was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen—Yes, first in everything."
Meritt Creager—"No he wasn't, he married a widow."

Nov. 20—Thanksgiving feasts don't seem to have dulled our mental faculties any. Now doesn't that listen good?

Nov. 21—Claribel B.; "Oh, my lips are so chapped!"
Waneta C.—"Who's the chap?"

Nov. 22—Mr. Suter—"What is ice?"
Ruth Shideler; "Hard water."

Nov. 23—We play Kokomo and revenge their former victory. Our boys defeat them 22-16.

Nov. 26.—Idabell B.—"He kissed me on the forehead."
Evelyn Schacht—"Did he? What did you do?"
I. B.—"I called him down, of course."

Nov. 27.—Sunshine Society Party. The girls certainly have enjoyable times at these parties, which is beyond the boys' understanding. How does it happen, girls, that a good time is possible without the male element of the H. S.?

Nov. 28—Huntington-Anderson game. Most exciting game of the season, ending in glory for us, 22-18.

MUSIC

Huntington High School can rightfully be proud of her musical accomplishments of the past and present, and with our new building comes the promise of still bigger and better work than has ever before been realized. Through its varied departments it affords an opportunity for further development of previous music work and a wider acquaintance with the best composers and their works. No finer or better instructor could be found, we believe, than Professor Swihart, who has been the foundation of our successes in this direction. This is proven by the fact that we have students from this department that are among the best, and their work displays itself even to the battlefields of France.

The Girls' Glee Club is a thoroughly wide-awake organization of the best talent of the school. In this club are about sixty girls rendering very effective music at all occasions during the year where their services are requested, such as school and public meetings.

The Boys' Glee Club is not as large as the Girls' Glee Club yet they are doing some very effective work and adding materially to the High School spirit.

Not many High Schools can boast of an equal to our orchestra. The playing of this organization is far above the average High School orchestra, and it deserves the support of patron and pupil alike. Always ready and willing to respond to any call for public service it has gained well deserved popularity.

It is the desire of the whole music department to be of the most possible service to the community and the up-building of higher standards of music and moral, and thanks to Professor Swihart our school is excelling in this particular. —Howard Dill, '18.

ÓRCHESTRA MEMBERS

Prof. J. L. Swihart, Director

First Violin.

Marie Draper.
Gladys McClellan
Martha Folk.
Beatrice Brown.
Charles Thomas.

Second Violin.

Herbert Shearer.
Glen Chapman.
Margaret Lowman.

Clarinets.

Donald Bowers.
Randal Dippell.
LeVerne Burris.

Cornets.

Bernard Zinn.
Mary McMarlin.

Horn.

Mr. Fred Mahoney.

Trombone.

Robert Fouse.

Bass.

Eiffel Plasterer.

Piano.

Lucile Rannells.
Helen Keller.

Drums.

Robert Grupe.

"JIM"

Since 1891, Mr. James Kiser has been care-taker of Huntington High School. During that period he has been burdened not only with his regular duties, but volumes of lost love letters, strayed and stolen books, loans to the boys and impossible tasks for the girls. "Jim" indeed has been the friend of the student body.

SOCIETY

Sunshine Society Parties

The members of the Sunshine Society initiated the Freshmen girls into the society by giving them a reception in the early part of the year. Music, games and dancing passed the time quickly and after refreshments were served the girls "hied themselves homewards" at nine-thirty—(school hours).

The reception for the January Freshmen was an "on account of the war" affair. Resurrected dresses were worn and light—very light—refreshments were served, after several flashlights were taken. Hour? Nine-thirty, of course.

A little (?) girl party was one of the best social affairs of the Sunshine year. We went "back to the days of our childhood" and "were kids again," and lost our dignity by acting as such.

Parties of special days were held at Thanksgiving, St. Patrick's Day, etc., making the year an unusually successful one.

The Senior Party

The first, last, and only Senior Party was given at the home of Zelma Moyer on First street. After several hours of fun refreshments were served and the dignitaries (?) adjourned at a shocking hour. Owing to the "tab" show and a bewildering moon, which graced our city that certain night, several of the fellows were caught creeping up the back steps the next morning by the milkman. Horrors!

The Junior Party

At Becker's Hall the Juniors amused themselves one evening. They danced and played games until a very late hour when they were forced to adjourn because of the building being closed at a certain hour. Of course, the feature of the evening was—as usual—the eats—Hooverized.

Senior Member Married

A wedding that came as a decided surprise to everyone was that of Hazel Williams, one of our Senior Members to Clarence Rice of Fort Wayne. The couple were married in Huntington on December 24, 1917.

Johnson-Weber

February 10, Sarah Katherine Johnson, a prominent member of the Junior Class of H. H. S. was married to Paul Weber, of this city. The wedding was solemnized in Huntington.

NUF SED!

CURTAIN!

"GENERAL"

"RED"

"JULIET" WHERE'S ROMEO?

WE MEN

PAPA DARNELL

"YUM"

"WORMY"

IN THE LIMELIGHT

In the upper left hand corner, ladies and gentlemen, we have caught a snap of one of the worst "lady fussers" in school—so youthful too. In the present scene one of our dignified Seniors is attempting to reform the youngster.

Just below we have pictured "Red." By the tone of her nickname one would believe her to be a veritable "hot" box but let me tell you dear friends, that in spite of her "auburn" hair she is the gentlest of the most gentle—sometimes. This poetic pose is often entitled, "Waiting for the Cows to Come Home."

In the opposite corner of the page you will find Mr. Importance, our honorable Bus. Manager. (Apology—This is the Editor's one and only chance to "slam back" at his honor for his unsufferable bossiness to her). He desired his picture taken with an "Arrest" sign because that is as near the calaboose as he ever expects to be.

We are so glad to be able to print one picture in this book that meets with the approval of our estimable faculty member. (Apologies to Mr. Marts.) Miss Hoffman's clothes and cases rival our most popular Senior girls.

Just above this, kind readers, we are printing an anonymously discovered "snap." We really are surpised but you know looks are deceiving. Judging from Boot's expression we have entitled this ditty "Curtain."

At the left you see several ardent "Women Suffragists"—at present receiving instruction in Manual Training. We felt it our duty to give this explanation for fear you would misjudge the girls and think they were the main representatives of the "Knock Klub" of H. H. S.

Allow me to present our coach's latest pose. This picture is fondly entitled "Wistfulness" by many of his most ardent admirers —probably because it so reminds one of a doggie waiting for a bone. Yet it seems to me a more fitting title would be "The Morning After"—after a strenuous day in Room 10.

In the other corner is Darnall's protegee—"Wormy" came to the city to receive an education—this picture shows the transformation. Here is Wormy's All-State Basket Ball team for 1918 (same as for 1917 and 1919): Johnson, center; Johnson, forward; Johnson, guard and captain-et-cetera.

This is the only picture in this book that Hoover might approve of—"Mush." The girls wished me to print this and begged me to state that their motto was "Practice Makes Perfect."

(Editor's Note.—We have attempted to secure a picture of Mr. Suter but after he ruined six films by sneezing we gave up).

DECEMBER

—HOWARD COX

Dec. 4—Carl Neuer deplores the fact in 4-1 history that he didn't remain in Chicago when on his Thanksgiving vacation. For Father Tyner informs him that peace and order reigned during his absence and that now confusion begins. "Naughty Carl," to lead such an angelic class from the paths of righteousness and virtue!

Dec. 5—Patriotic Exercises! We become even more enthusiastic concerning war work and pride in our boys.

Dec. 6—More Patriotism displayed. Impromptu speeches by Lieut. Phil Payne and Ben Harrell.

Dec. 7—Waneta C.—"Madge, you can't say you've been sweet 16 and never been kissed."
Madge—"Why I have ————————."

Dec. 10—Checkers is played in 4-1 History.
Last move Kenny G. and Bob Abbott to back seats.

Dec. 11—Hosts of red noses and blushing damsels! Guilty? No, merely zero weather.

Dec. 12—Colder than ever! Miss Altman puts a ban on Georgette waists and silk hose. Really girls————————!

Dec. 13—Father Tyner—"I am well acquainted with this young man. In fact we went to school together."

Dec. 14—Rochester-Huntington Game! We wallop Rochester, 34-27, in the star game of the season.

Dec. 17—Is there a slacker now after the wonderful rousing speeches of Mr. Scudder and Mr. W. D. Hamer?

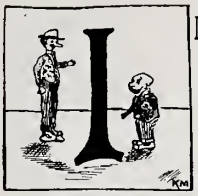
Dec 18—Prof. Hornback has a hard time to impress upon certain people the importance of certain facts, and ends by saying—"And that means YOU and YOU and YOU and every one of YOU." THANK YOU.

Dec. 19—Miss Kline cuts her hand and Mildred Whiteside exclaims —"Oh, did she cut an artillery?"

Dec. 20—Everyone in H. S. is a member of the Red Cross! Mr. Byers gives us a rousing speech and patriotic songs are rendered with great pep.

Dec. 21—Fairmount-Huntington Game! Revenge is sweet! We win by twenty-six points.

IMAGINATIONS



MAGINE Mr. Tyner forgetting a joke.
And Lester Gordon trying to smoke,
Gus Wasmuth with nothing to say
Or Zelma Moyer with her hair fixed to stay.
Edna Cook with no questions to ask
And Don Morse with a well performed task,
Dorothy without George Albert near,
Mary McMarlan with her soul full of fear,
Peggy Harris without a lesson to get
Or Ruth Shideler with no time to fret,
Miss Gray without her Art
Mr. Hornback with a melting heart,
Ralph Gibler with a dreadful frown,
And Howard Cox anything but a clown,
Geraldine Auker with a serious face;
Oscar Young saying family grace;
Mildred Satterthwaite not trying to act cute,
Ansel not talking about a new suit,
Ray Ormsby making a good mark
Or Kenneth Miller on a midnight lark;
Eiffel Plasterer in a terrible rush,
Jeanette Patterson without some new crush,
Virginia without Ernie by her side,
Raymond Stults taking a girl for a ride,
Carl Repp without a car full of girls,
Edith Walters with her hair in curls;
Mildred Whiteside not getting fussed
Florence Glass with her hair all mussed,
Claribel Brumbaugh not trying to flirt,
Evelyn Schacht not always alert.
Austin Snowden and friend Kathleen
As leading lights on a movie screen.
And after all just one thing more,
Imagine this rhyme has not been a bore.

A MODERN FAIRY TALE

NCE upon a time there lived in the midst of a thriving town a rich family, father, mother and two children, little Etta and Baby Ben. Now, little Etta was soon to have a birthday and the loving mother wished to surprise her with a birthday cake.

So rising early the mother threaded her way between mountainous snow drifts and armed with her sugar card she buys a pound of sugar. "Take very good care of this sugar, madam, there is no more for you until today week," said the grocer. The woman promised to place a cloth on the floor, where emptying it, to catch any escaping grains. Placing the sugar in the crown of her hat to escape robbers she bent her steps toward the mill.

Timidly she asked for 2 pounds of flour. The Miller stared at her incredulously—"What," he cried, horrified, "on wheatless day?" The ladys eyes filled with tears. "Oh, sir," she said, her hands clasped imploringly, "Today is my little Etta's sixth birthday and I wish to bake her a birthday cake. '

The Miller's heart was very tender, stepping cautiously to the window he peered out, then hastily pulled down the blind and measured 2 pounds of flour. He rang the five dollar gold piece she gave him contemptuously in the till and turned away, wiping his eyes. Secreting the flour beneath her cloak she crept forth.

To the bank she then wended her way and called with shaking voice for the President, who immediately appeared. "I wish," said she, "to turn over to you my Government Bonds in exchange for one of the dozen eggs it is said that you have stored in your safety vaults."

The banker placed his hand behind his ear and shook his ear back and forth. He could not believe that member had correctly recorded the woman's statement but she spoke again—the same words and the Banker gasped, also glared—"An Egg," he thundered, "a whole egg for a few paltry bonds?" The woman nodded mutely, seeking to steady her voice, she explained. At the end of her pitiful story, the Banker mopped his eyes. 'The egg is yours, madam."

He unlocked the pondorous safety vaults and with much ceremony drew forth an egg wrapped in pink jeweler's cotton and Xmas paper. This the good woman put in her purse and with many tears and blessings fared forth.

Next to the creamery she went and asked for Butter. The Dairy man grasped his head with both hands. "Butter, Butter," he moaned

reflectively, "Where have I heard that word before? Hush, madam, Hist, be still, don't scare our cows. They would cease to give us Oleomargarine if they heard anyone making such curious sounds." So the good woman took a pound of "Our Dollar Brand" and sighing deeply she entered the coal dealers door with trembling limbs and scarcely able to speak she asked for a few pounds of coal to bake a cake for her dear little girl's birthday.

The Flinty hearted dealer referred her to the coal commissioner and there she trudged with wakening hope. The commissioner looked her up and down and drew forth a voluminous document with gilt seal and blue ribbons, dipping his pen he cleared his throat, "Your age, Madam," he thundered. "38, Sir," she quivered. "Your weight, color, number of your collar and shoes, also when did you last have coal?"

The questions she answered satisfactorily and signed the papers becoming the happy possessor of 3 pounds of coal.

Joyously she hurried home and locking all the doors and windows baked the wonderful cake. Little Etta and Baby Ben gazed round-eyed with wonder at the marvelous lump of sweetness. They could scarcely believe this fairy pastry was really for them to eat. They looked long and earnestly with watering mouths then falling upon it, they ate it, every crumb, candles and all. But, alas, 'Tis only a Fairy Tale. —Idabelle Brown.

"FRESHIES"—HARDTIMES PARTY

LE ROBE DE CALICO
or
THE CALICO DRESS

Here she is. The sweet girl graduate. She is dressed, not in the proverbial lace, silk and ribbons, holding three dozen American Beauty Roses; but in a simple gown of calico and adorned only by the roses in her own cheeks. Is not this far, far better than the former graduation togs? Would expensive laces, lovely ribbons and delicate fabrics be appropriate at this time when every one is wearing only the most practical of clothing? When so many of our mothers have sacrificed new winter hats and gloves that she might not add her expense to the already appalling household ones? When fathers and brothers have made their old overcoats do one more season so that they could use the money to buy Liberty Bonds or War Savings Stamps? Why can not daughters share this sacrifice? She can and is by giving up the pretty things, dear to every girl's heart, and wearing the despised and lowly calico.—Catherine Fields, '18.

MERGING

Open your eyes and you shall see
To read, to learn, whate'er may be.
For here the amateurs did try
The truth to tell, it is no lie,
Trying to show the high school rule
And thus beguile some lonesome fool,
Near dear old Huntington High School.

There is a class within our halls
Who scorn the upper classman's calls.
These are the Freshmen, it is too bad,
If only a bit of Latin they had.
Where they are going no one can say,
But one thing sure they're on their way
Through dear old Huntington High School.

The Sophomores are the next we take
This the class that tries to break
All records, and leave behind a history
How they solved geometry.
And through the class they go with pride
As on the ponies of Caesar they ride,
In dear old Huntington High School.

Juniors are those who have the brain,
They know how all things to attain.
Ready to fight a worthy duel,
And always working for the school.
The faculty when questions rise
Always turn to this class, the wise
Of dear old Huntington High School.

Within the Senior class we find
Encyclopaedias all refined.
Air castles planned, but too perfect,
And by superior intellect,
Their honor won, their credits made,
Pronouncing success as years parade,
From dear old Huntington High School.

When time is long and days are old
In memory as rich as gold
We'll to think or talk or jest,
"Though fun we had we did our best."
And searching in the misty past,
No vision will more perfect last
Than dear old Huntington High School.

Eiffel Plasterer, '18.

"AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIUS FEELIN' "

I

When you're just a little "Freshie," and you stay up late at night, and cram, and cram—and cram until your mother tells you to go to bed, and your dad yells, "Turn out the lights" and the teachers are awful cross and stern and you're afraid you'll get P in everything, and that you'll miss all your credits and then you pass on all E's and G's, Oh Boy

"Ain't it a G-R-A-N-D and
G-L-O-O-R-I-Y-U-U-S feelin'?"

II

Then when you're a Soph. and you think that you can ease up a little now, and you're not scared of the teachers any more, and you're gettin' along pretty good, why, then suddenly "Caesar" descends on you like a storm cloud full of thunder 'n' lighnin' and you study and you study and you can't get it and you try a "pony" and it don't work and Miss Van Antwerp gets crosser and crosser and assigns thirty lines instead of fifteen and you can't read the "advance" and you can't read the "review" and you're just about ready to give up when you find that you've not got a single "Failed" or "Withheld," Oh Boy,

"Ain't it a G-R-A-N-D and
G-L-O-O-R-I-Y-U-U-S feelin'?"

III

Then when you're a Junior and you're through with Math. and Latin and you just feel great and you're thinking of that wonderful fellow you met at the last dance and you're dreaming of all the parties you're going to, suddenly Mr. Suter who has always seemed so gentle and lamb-like before, assumes a great importance in your eyes and your Chemistry becomes the trial of your life; you haven't got your note book up and you don't even know what oxygen is, besides all those back experiments you must make up, why then suddenly at the end of the term you wake up and find that you are really a Senior at last, Oh Boy,

"Ain't it a G-R-A-N-D and
G-L-O-O-R-I-Y-U-U-S feelin'?"

IV

And now that you're a Senior you feel SO important and dignified and your diploma looks like a sure thing and all the teachers treat you decently and respectfully and you feel that you can afford to loaf a little, when suddenly Mr. Hornback politely informs you that he don't THINK you'll get your shorthand credit and you just HAVE to have that credit in order to have 32 at the end of the term and you can't possibly think where you'll rake up the answers to those 4-11 History questions, Mr. Tyner is going to spring on you tomorrow and your diploma looks no bigger or realistic than a stray moonbeam and you're completely discouraged, whey then suddenly Mr. Byers thrusts a roll of paper tied with a white ribbon into your hand, Oh Boy,

"Ain't it a G-R-A-N-D and
G-L-O-O-R-I-Y-U-U-S feelin'?"

—Elizabeth Kneipple, '19.

HUNTINGTON

Here's to the H. H. S.
United we stand,
Never defeated
This loyal old band.
I say we've got "some team,"
Now just watch us play!
"**G**reat stuff" and "Shoot Kriegbaum,"
That's what you all say.
"**O**ver the plate," "Bang a homer."
Now this is the way
That we "put it over" and thus "win the day."

—Elizabeth Kneipple, '19.

JANUARY

Jan. 2—Old Santa seems to have been good to everyone. War conditions demand still greater sacrifices. However, we can live on Christmas gifts for a few months yet.

Jan. 3—A few New Year's resolutions are made known. Veritable angels float in and out of the Assembly—for instance, Zelma Moyer about 8:29 and 1:14.

Jan. 4—Huntington defies Richmond for State Championship in B. B. We defeated them 45-24. Good game, you fellows on the H. H. S. Five.

Jan. 7—The vanity of H. S. Beauty has received a jolt in the way of a new rival. Truly, a second Mary Pickford, isn't she, boys?

Jan. 8—Talking about transparency, ask Mr. Tyner. He says in I-II Algebra—"Neva Dinius, I can't see through your coat, but I can see through your dress." Snappy story!

Jan. 9—Miss Cox—"Why was the period of the Middle Ages called the Dark Ages?"
Warren Cook—"Because there were so many knights, I s'pose."

Jan. 10—Father Tyner wishes to get rid of all the Senior Girls in second Assembly. He says they cause so much commotion; he also goes on to state that he can tell them by their walk! Such magnanimity! "Just WHY do they all want to be Red Cross nurses NOW?" 'Count of the War!

Jan. 11—Miss Caley gives her French students some good advice: "Boys, don't you know that after the war, the Frenchmen will all be DEAD? THEN they'll want some of you over there." "Well, study your French then and be prepared."

Jan. 14—George Albert says that it seems like a year since he's had a date. Kendrick also is kidded about going to bed at eight Sunday. Keep up your good work, Darnall, but beware of H————. That is Harriet and Dorothy.

Jan. 15—A few (?) boys show their patriotism by offering their services in delivering coal and shoveling snow. Is it freedom from school or REAL patriotism? That is the question!

Jan. 16—Mr. Hornback dictating to 4-1 stenography class—"Fifty-three men were shot in the market-place."

Jan. 17—Freshman—"I'm having all kinds of trouble with my program." "W'smatter, conflictions?"

Jan. 18—Mr. Tyner tells a fast story in 4-1 History————————— Aw, go on! It was about a guy whose watch was fast.

Jan. 19—Overheard in the rest-room:
Madge—"Oh, Merle, Don has gone to Indianapolis to be best man at his brother's wedding."
Merle—"Oh, dear! WHO do you suppose will be best lady?"

Jan. 25—At last the Senior rings have arrived, O. K. Everybody pleased. Paris is a very nice place to come from—at least some of the Seniors think so!

Jan. 29—Kenneth Miller parades Room 10 amid a peal of mirth. Did any one happen to read IT?

Jan. 30—Mr. Byers, reading—"The smiling——Now, Edwin tell us what figure of speech this is."
Ed. Weese, studying a bit—"Why, that's alteration."

Jan. 31—Darnall has an accident with some bottles, and setting them up high on his desk where everyone can see them says—What does he say?

AW QUIT YOU'RE KIDDING!-FRESHIES
Why Not Now?
"EVENTUALLY" OUR VILLAGE CUT-UPS.
GOOD THINGS COME IN BUNCHES.
Why N Now
We Confidence Men!
TILLER'S OF THE SOIL
aw Slush!
(LAST) MINUTE MEN
1:14 P.M.
"SUNSHINE" HARDTIMES PARTY.
ELI.
SAFETY FIRST
R.S. (PROPER SIGN)
THE COURT JESTER
THAT LITTLE BROWN JUG

A FABLE IN SLANG

(With Apologies to George Ade.)

NCE upon a Time, there was a Contractor. He was the Same Goop that made the Pyramids in Egypt. There was also a Town that needed a New High School. The Town secured the Services of this Contractor to build the Detention Station. The Contractor started to Build the Sweat House, but his Pipe went out. As a Result, this Hot Bed of Deviltry was not Finished until a Year after it was Supposed to have been. The Faculty remonstrated, the Scholars cussed, the Pupils swore.

All there is Left now in the Senior Class is Ill Feeling. The story so runs that The Castle-Builder who Failed to get the Palace of Sighs done in time, is to Go Down in the History of the Class, as Dupe blessed with Double-cussedness by the Superior Aggregation, and as remaining upon His Cranium, the Price of a Thousand Sighs, that create a Mist, that will continue to Fume for Time Inconceivable.

So the Fable closed, mid Gutteral Mutterings, from the Æsophagus' of the Multitudes, whose Feelings have been Squeezed by the Nut Bricklayer, and His Appointees. May such a Thing never happen Again, unless the Faculty wishes to cause a Replica of the European War, right here in this Cell House. —L-sky Fullersky Triggsky.

THINGS AREN'T ALWAYS WHAT THEY'RE CRACKED UP TO BE

For Instance—

Ruth Drover's cluster of curls.
Idabelle's peaches and cream complexion.
Ansel's endless wardrobe.
Miss Hoffman's golden tresses.
Prof. Hornback's martyr-like aspect.
The contract for the new high school.
Carl Neuer's line of "get-by."

or

Lucile Wygant's innumerable dates.

"DATES—SOMETIMES"

(An apologetic apocryphal apologue)

"We Hooverize." So reads the card in the window.

Today is Sunday. Let a few hours pass and it is Sunday night. Date night for Alys and Bob.

The Heirloom in the Hall marks the time near eight. She is await. Foot-Steps are heard stepping on the front steps, He stepping fast, Steps in.

Both smile—Hello.

His coat, hat, gloves and quarter pound, Three's a Crowd, Hooverized. box of Huyler's, It's Pure, are accepted, divorcely.

"Good evening." His prospective "a's-in-law" are at home.

Imagine! No you've experienced it. He willingly not converses with Said in-laws for twenty eternities.

At last! The in-laws decide to be out-laws and visit Brown's next door. Oh Joy!

Alys and Bob talk of this and that and that and this, of Peggy's new hat, the H. C. L., and Caley's nice French and Tyner's new joke, and, and—well And.

The forgotten box of Hoover is dynamited.

Each commit themselves to several pieces.

A thought! Sunday! Lightless! All lights but Distant Lamp are made Fuel-Less. Blinds are reversed. The Davenport looks lonely. Not now.

They whisper. He Columbus'es her hand. More whisper. She moves the impossible "little bit" closer. Dearest. His right Wing creeps round Her. Most Whisper.

Br-r-r-r-r-. Ungrateful phone.

"Hello. Yes. At Brown's. No. Yes. Good-bye."

She returns. Lost positions are recaptured. As you were.

The Heirloom tolls Ten Thoughts. Several eternities of silence pass.

Cupid's Wireless sparks out—". . . .---. . ----- ..--.. ...— ——— ...-- --. . . -." click, thump, click. It is likewise unanswered.

Hark. A soft, sweet, red, Twolip like sound is Almost unheard. It is unheard.

Oh—oh! A sigh is given. Dearest.

A slight Movement occurs. Beware—too Late.

A flare bomb Bursts out over Lover's Land.

"Oh sis-sis-k-kis-kiss—!"

Johnnie!——!"

He receives some Hoover, a dime, and Bribed, returns Heavenward. He knows Nothing. The calamitous Panic has passed. And the Heirloom squeaks Eleven. The out-laws will soon be re-in-laws.

He Proposes—to go home.

She Objects—then, yes, it is best.

Another almost unheard sound is given. Again. Dearest. Her hand is Pressed and Dry Cleaned.

Valedictory.

He lingers—again—good-bye.

Let a few hours Pass. It is Monday—good morning.

—Ralph Gibler, '18.

"STICK AROUND AWHILE AND WE'LL OPEN UP A CASE—OF CASES"

For instance a good time is assured:

Triggsky and Catherine
Eli and Merle
Ernie and Jinny
George Albert and Dorothy
Kenny and Hatty
Alice Winebrenner and Herbert
Paul and Margaret Lowman
Ansel and his latest—
Claribel and her train of suitors.

P. S.—If we have overlooked any of the H. S. Romeos and Juliets, accept our humblest apologies. You see how "facile" such a mistake would be in such a romantic school.

FEBRUARY

—HOWARD COX

Feb. 1—Lester Gordon—"You know some of the slaves were hidden in wells."
Peggy Harris—"Yes, I'll bet they were well kept."

Feb. 4—Miss Cox—"What is this class, 'Love is love forever more?' "
Abe Johnson—"O, I like that."

Feb. 5—All indications point to an utterless failure of the Modulus. Miss Caley has a dream in which Ralph Gibler offers the Modulus as a souvenir. Too bad dreams don't ALWAYS come true.

Feb. 6—Gus W. tries to display his marvelous wit but is chagrined by an unexpected response.
Gus—Say, what kind of raisin pie have you?"
Waiter (nonchalantly)—"Seedless."

Feb. 7—Miss Caley offends a few P. G.'s in I-II French by the announcement that the former class endeavored to rule the faculty. Quite a fall to the dignity of the present Seniors; however, she further declares that the standard of culture and dignity has been raised by the present class.

Feb. 8—Darnall—"Now, I want everyone to write on a slip of paper the number of Thrift Stamps you have, with your name—if you have any."

Feb. 11—Miss Cox displays a little temper, but is quite justified in the fact that her class was CERTAINLY unruly. No speeding on country roads for a few months (the killing of chickens is suspended for a while), fish lines, hooks, etc., are also to be conserved until then, in addition to the law of chopping wood——.

Feb. 12—4-1 English—
Prof. Byers—"Madge, which would you rather have, a lover or a worshipper?"
Madge, quite ingeniously—"Oh, don't ask me! I don't know anything about that."

Feb. 13—Faye McKee—"What are you taking for your cold?"
Merle—"Advice."

Feb. 14—Meeting of the Senior Girls and their Mothers. It is indeed evident WHO rules the home. After a heated discussion on Commencement frocks a timely decision is reached—to be made public in the near future.

Feb. 15—S. S. Hard Times Party in reception of the January Freshmen. Times of stress certainly apparent.

Feb. 18—"Now, Forrest, will you give us a nice recitation and make these three lazy boys (indicating Gus Wasmuth, Ed. Weese and Don Morse) very much ashamed of themselves."
Just WHO does this sound like?

Feb. 19—Kathleen Saal—"This man was a brave and VALENT knight."
Mr. Byers—"What is that word, Kathleen?"
K. S.—"Well I don't know but he was." Was he though?

Feb. 21—Patriotic song service, "snappy" music is right!
Prof. Swihart—"Now, you folks of the chorus, please sit in the middle aisles." You are accommodating, Swi., to say the least!

Feb. 22—We again thank Heaven for Washington—he has given us a holiday.

Feb. 25—Mr. Byers has a "funny streak." One speech to date reads thus:
"You know, some people accuse Shakespeare of using Bacon's works. Think of accusing Shakespeare of using Bacon NOW. Great offence in the face of conservation. And do you know that Shakespeare WAS on the fence awhile. Then he decided to marry Anne Hathaway, and soon he discovered she "hath a way." Present-day Shakespeare play on words.

Feb. 26—In History class, Dorothy Briggs inquires anxiously, "Mr. Darnall, are you going to ask us for any dates?" Darnall recognizing her, hastily assures her that he won't.

Feb. 27—A certain famed basket-ball star becomes even more notorious. Caution, George Albert, "Eve wasn't modest 'till she ate that apple——." Moreover, apples are precious these days—even one.

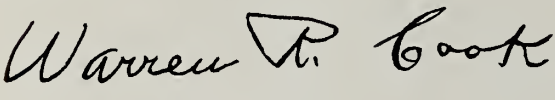
Feb. 28—Neil Carey wishes to make his statement definite, by saying, "Shelly died from being drowned in a storm."

WILLS FILED

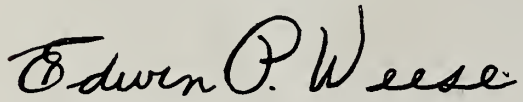
Numerous members of our Senior Class expressed a desire to record a last will and testament upon their parole from old H. H. S. Therefore, on this day, May first, Carl Neuer filed the following abbreviated pronouncements:

To the City Garbage Co. I leave the old tin can the "girls loved so," which has served its purpose.

My social triumphs I bequeath to "The Huntington Herald." I desire my Latin Book buried with me.



I will my long morning sleeps to my brother Gordon. My "rep" with the faculty I leave to Cecil Hurd, because he seems to have need of such.



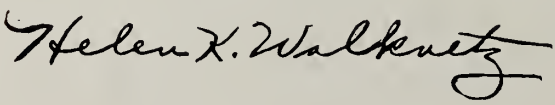
My unlimited ambitions I leave to the "I-Won't-Work" League.

My unuttered thoughts I leave to the Goddess of Wisdom.

My glasses, I bequeath to Don Morse in order that he may be able to see Tyner's jokes more readily.

My bright head I leave to the Erie R. R. for a signal light. To the Bronstein Junk Yard I bequeath my beloved typewriter.

I leave my English note books to Margaret Lovett for use in her journey o'er the rocky fourth year English course. My weight I leave to the undertaker.



To the Salvation Army I leave my red coat because Carl Neuer has had such admiration for it since Freshman days.

I bequeath my feminine blushes to the Geometry students to warm themselves in Carrie's icebox.

Carl W Rapp

I bequeath my Herculean pipe and P. A. to King Nicotine, the guy that's "got me."

Chester Williams

I leave all my old dancing pumps to the Blue-Jay Corn-plaster Company for use as their illustrations of their ponderous subject, "The Causes and Cures of Corns and Callouses."

Harry Mehre

To Thaddeus Butler I leave my Nuxiated Iron Tablets in order to teach him and other Freshmen, mine and Jess Willard's roads to success.

Claribel Brumbaugh

I leave my book "Methods of Vampiry" to Ruth Drover for advancement in her special course.

The entire Senior Class bequeaths the faculty's admirable estimation of them to the Juniors—Miss Caley's opinion of their "culture and refinement," Prof. Tyner's estimate of their intellectuality and Prof. Byer's "understanding" of them.

SIGNED:

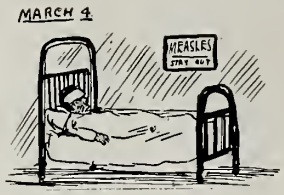
Carl Baltzer Mercer

WITNESSED BY:

Madge T. Whiteside.

Waneta Clark.

Ralph Bronell Gibler



MARCH

-HOWARD COX

Mar. 4—Several epidemics invade class rooms—namely, Spring fever and Measles.

Mar. 5—Inside dope on the everyday actions of basket ball stars is extremely interesting. For instance, our noted center has a strenuous time unlocking a door. He endeavors to use a comb and succeeding is heard to exclaim to himself—"Fat you old dickens, you."

Mar. 6—The sins of the pupils are visited upon ye folks of the faculty. "Mademoiselle Caley a le measles, aussi."

Mar. 7—Off for Hartford City. Our splendid "eight" say the other teams haven't a chance at all, and we are assured they are right.

Mar. 8—B. B. fans in Hartford City report this one. George Albert and Mehre stand on a street corner and watch two colored women approach, and the former exclaims—"Harry, here's our chance."
Little Eva—"Alright, I'll take the blonde."

Mar. 9—Darnall tells us "How They Did It." He says that tournament was real basket ball, that is as far as our playing was reckoned. Next week he'll tell us all about Bloomington.

Mar. 12—Fifty-Fifty.
Miss Leedy—"This book will do half your work."
Albert Jackman—"Give me two then."

Mar. 13—In physics class—"Iva, what is a beat?"
Iva Stults—"I don't know."
Stemen—"Humph, another dead one."

Mar. 15—Mr. Hornback—"Is the light out in the hall?"
Harry Mehre—"Yes, shall I bring it in?"

Mar. 18—If signs denote truth this would be a lovely June day. For instance, our Business Manager with sleeves rolled up, indicative of manual labor.

Mar. 19—Another day borrowed—April this time with glistening showers. Perhaps tomorrow May flowers.

Mar. 20—Miss Cox—"Tell me a few of the most important things existing today which did not exist in ancient times."
Sol. Bronstein—"Us."

Mar. 21—Helen Kenny has a hard time finding her Powder Puff (they carry them in the face of danger, death and desolation) but at last—she finds it.

Mar. 22—Walter Yergens—"How did you get the red marks on your nose, Shorty?"
Raymond Wheeler—"Glasses."
Walter—"Glasses of what?"

Mar. 24—Ralph Gibler, translating French—"I could not stay in the kitchen for Julia, our maid, promptly dislocated me."

Mar. 25—Garden time—Peg Harris—"Well, now, that is the indigative mode."

Mar. 26—Shirley Lowman—"Why the tears?"
Lawrence White—"They aren't regular tears."
Shirley—"What are they?"
Lawrence—"Volunteers."

ASSEMBLY SNOOZES

It was a warm day in August. I made my way to the banks of the river Styx and found Chaeron waiting for me. He informed me that he had almost tired of waiting and was going in search of another customer. I handed him a dime for his trouble and then took my seat in the creaking old craft which had borne so many souls to their destiny.

After a long row across the black waters we came to shore. I walked a long ways and came to a fenced in place. Upon the ponderous gate I noticed a sign engraved in tin — "Purgatory." I knocked loudly at the gate and who should appear but the shade of the well known "Fat Kriegbaum." Imagine my surprise at seeing Fat in such a place! But my doubts were soon satisfied upon his question, "Any suitcases to carry?" He had been forced to carry suitcases on basket ball trips until he actually lost his temper. He consented to carry mine after I had deposited two bits safely in his hand.

We walked along until we came to a wind mill. "What caused that?" I asked. "We shall see," he replied mysteriously.

I followed him through some brush and we came up to Darnall and Marvel Culp talking. Marvel was telling Darnall all about her wonderful salary and her shares with the Erie Railroad, and Darnall was with great difficulty holding on his hat.

"See the cause, Helen Keller?" asked "Fat," solicitiously.

"Plenty," said I holding my skirts down with a frantic effort.

"Let's go on further," he suggested.

After a short time we came to what appeared to be a beauty shop for the sign read "Idabelle Brown," Turkish baths, Sweat baths, et cetera. We heard yells and curses from within and upon making inquiries found out that it was Ansel Conarty, in a Turkish bath. His impudent little Irish nose was all blistered, his hair greasy and the sweat running off his face in streams.

"Well, Ans., what are you up to now?" we asked.

"Old Idabelle said this bath would rid me of black heads and dandruff and now she's ruined my complexion forever. I'll bet Florence will never have another date with me."

"Oh well, there's plenty of other fools besides Florence, don't worry," was my consoling reply.

We went on and came to a great stone edifice.

"What's this?" I asked.

"Father Tyner's court where all those who were criminals in H. H. S. are punished."

"What does he do?"

"Makes 'em listen to his war speeches all day and write his family history. "Let's go in," Kriegbaum said.

Imagine my consternation upon hearing the thundering voice of Pater Tyner yell "Helen Keller." I hastened to make my exit but Darnall who was standing near grabbed me by the ear.

"Here she is, Pap. Here she is," he yelled.

"Ceaser. Hold her," yelled Runt Glenn.

"Shall I paddle you-to-"

"Wake up here. What do you think this is, the Annex?" the angry Darnall thundered in my ear.

I awoke with a start. I might have known Darnall wouldn't approve of Assembly snoozes.

"Answer me," he commanded.

"Why-ooh dear, I was so sleepy."

"Here you beat it to Byer's office."

I shall draw the curtain at this heartrending climax."

—Helen Keller, '19.

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

(By Dame Gossip)

It seems to me the faculty would be furthering their own interests were they to add an extra minute to the four minute period between classes. For Room 10 is held spellbound during the seconds Herbert employs in flying over desks, seats, et cetera, regardlessly scattering books and girls in his eagerness to get to Alice for a moment's blissful conversing. Remember faculty the school board holds you responsible for broken desks and injured students!

Have you ever wondered about the apparently mutual love existing between our dean and Donald Eli? Looks like the teachers had reached the "I-Don't Care" stage when they allow little boys to waste their pennies treating them to "soda-water."

Some one happened to mention that they thought Shorty had acquired a beastly temper this last year (happened to be the day a certain angelic Soph. was kicked out of the office). How many years has he been married now?

Measles is a queer epidemic, isn't it? But why are there so many additional cases on Monday morning? Why, even Miss Caley had them on Monday morning! But of course Sunday nights are lightless now and one can never tell whether ones date is "measly" or not — — —!

APRIL

HOWARD COX

April 1—All Fool's Day! Here's one—Lester Gordon is about ready to sit down when he is interrupted by Helen Kenny. "Be careful! You'll sit down on my hat and the hatpin is sticking straight up."
"O, I suppose, April Fool," answered Lester, and defiantly sits down—but he hastily arose!

April 2—Meritt Creager—"You know, Darnall said when I was a Freshie if I didn't cut out cigarettes, I'd become feeble-minded."
Walter Grupe—"Well, why didn't you?"

April 3—Edwin Finn—"Do you know, I awoke last night, the bed clothes were all off me and I had a terrible cold so I just decided that I had better recover.'"

April 4—Lawrence White "Hooverizes" a piece of candy. It is discovered in a minute quantity in his desk, preserved in volumes of paper.

April 8—Rumor is that Jinnie and Ernie have a fight and now she's sick-a-bed. No, not "broken heart," merely "La Grippe."

April 9—Editor-in-Chief Whiteside and Manager Cook make a flying business trip to Ft. Wayne. Incidentally they also have a good time.

April 10—Intending to register, Ruby Merriman is given a preliminary examination.
"Red hair, you say?"
Ruby—"Yes."
"Freckles?"
Ruby—"Naturally! How else, pray?"

April 15—The 4-2 English class was discussing immortality. The question was asked, "Do dogs go to heaven?" "No."
Ed. Weese—"Well, do cows?"
Prof. Byers—"No. Animals have no souls."
Ed Weese—"We'll have to go to hell for our milk then."

April 16—Ralph Gibler—"I sent you some suggestions yesterday telling you how to make the "Modulus" more interesting. Have you carried out any of my ideas?"
Madge Whiteside—"Didn't you meet Warren Cook with the waste-basket as you came up stairs?"
Gliby—"Yes, yes, I did."
Madge—"Well, he was just carrying out your ideas."

April 17—John Moran narrates the tale of a fight—"And you know, one guy struck a vicious blow and just as the other was ready to knock this first man's brains out, I stepped in between them."
Here "Little Eva" interrupts—"O, he couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, Morandy?"
But—"Morandy" looked long and earnestly at the frank, open countenance of the lad, gasped slightly and resumed his story.

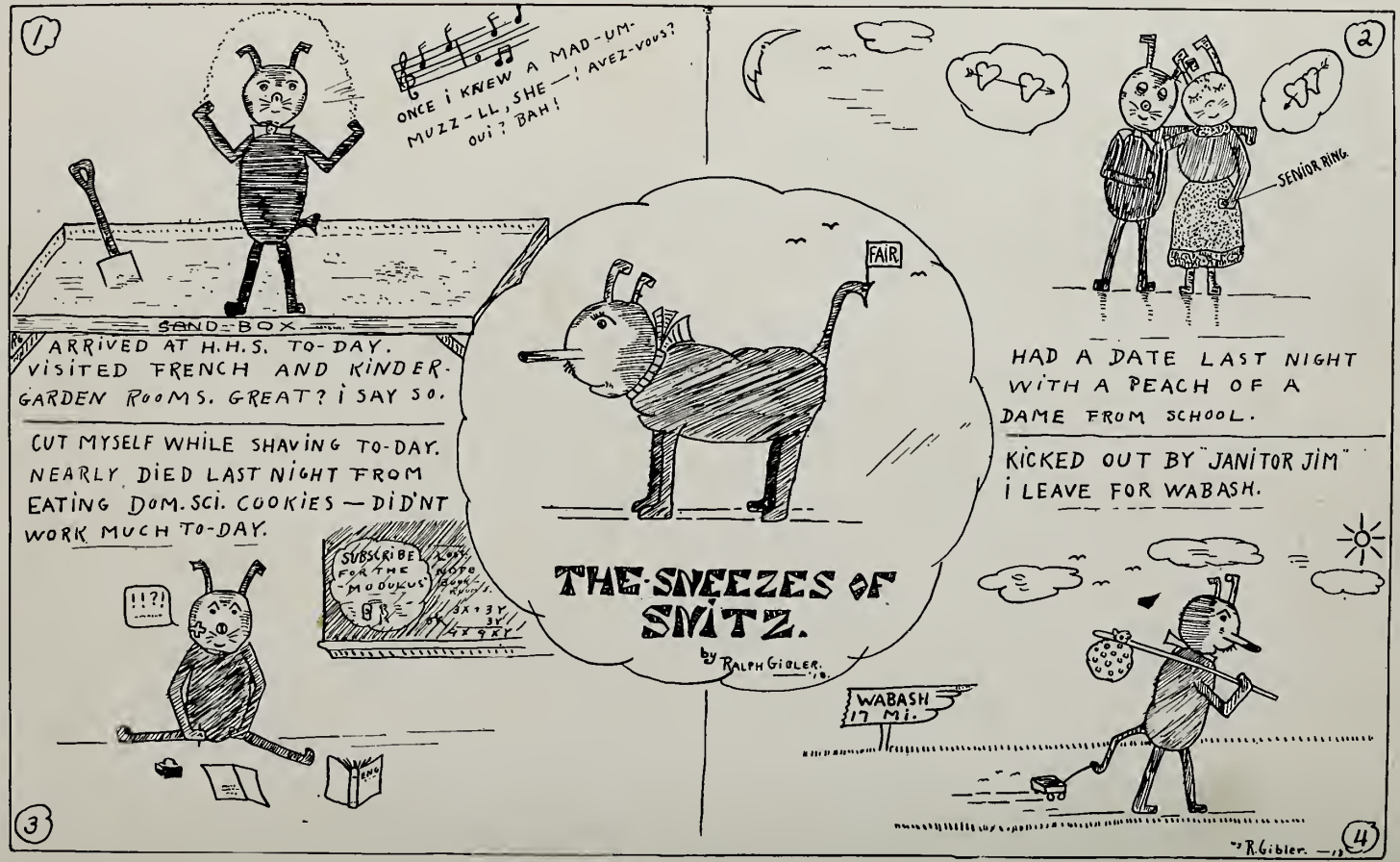
April 22—Abe Johnson makes a social blunder. He is discussing transportation rates with Prof. Tyner and says, "Well, you know teachers and things like that—"

April 25—Earl Fisher—"Speaking of electricity makes me think—"
Stemen, interrupting—"Another marvel of electricity."

April 26—Merely the usual April showers.

April 29—Stone Age Stuff! Miss Cox—"Now you remember Rome was just a small village at first?"

April 30—Shock absorbers wanted in Room 10, to withstand some of Jack Caswell's jokes.


1
ONCE I KNEW A MAD-UM-MUZZ-LL, SHE—! AVEZ-VOUS? oui? BAH!
SAND-BOX
ARRIVED AT H.H.S. TO-DAY. VISITED FRENCH AND KINDER-GARDEN ROOMS. GREAT? I SAY SO.
CUT MYSELF WHILE SHAVING TO-DAY. NEARLY DIED LAST NIGHT FROM EATING DOM. SCI. COOKIES — DIDN'T WORK MUCH TO-DAY.
!!?!
SUBSCRIBE FOR THE MODULUS
THE SNEEZES OF SNITZ.
by RALPH GIBLER.
FAIR
2
SENIOR RING
HAD A DATE LAST NIGHT WITH A PEACH OF A DAME FROM SCHOOL.
KICKED OUT BY "JANITOR JIM" I LEAVE FOR WABASH.
WABASH 17 Mi.
3
4
R. Gibler.

MAY

May 1—Notes are lucky finds for the Calendar Committee. This one is rather surprising—
"Oh, Margaret, was Kenneth down last evening?"
Ans.—"Yes, and it was the funniest thing. Every chair in the house was varnished, except one and we both had to sit on one chair." Shocking as well as surprising!

May 2—Mike Finn—"Shall we talk?"
Helen W.—"No, I'm tired, let's dance."

May 3—Everybody is preparing to journey to Rochester for Wabash Valley Meet tomorrow. Much is anticipated—a commendable record for our track men, a gay time, and "Eva' thing."

May 6—Some one suggests giving Darnall a medal for keeping track of all the report cards in Room 10—we can hardly keep track of one.

May 7—Carl Neuer—"It's seldom you find a good looking fellow with a good disposition."
Merle P.—"Why you———."
Neuer—"Oh, yes, I have a peach of a disposition!"

May 8—There is a movement started to buy reserved seats in the Kindergarten for the members of Room 10 who seem to enjoy the musical numbers rendered daily by that institution.

May 15—Raymond Stults after a discussion of insulators says he believes a dog with long hair is a good example of an insulator.

May 17—Sectional state meet here tomorrow. If only realization will be as great as anticipation now is.

May 22—The annual Junior-Senior reception. 'Count of the War, not an elaborate affair. However, everybody has a mighty good time.

May 24—Commencement. Sweet girl graduates make a hit in their "Conservation" frocks.
The cost of this book paper, and of our cover stock, has been sky-rocketing this past year, but writing paper has remained stationery. Therefore, we proceed to conclude this and take to letter writing.

JOKES

R. Kenneth Miller '29

18

THE PREMONITIONS OF JAKE.

It was 1928—dozens of old graduates were back and they talked a lot about themselves and a lot more about others who were not so fortunate as to attend.

"Most of our old crowd are married and happy," said Dr. K. Grayston.

"Married, anyhow," said Lawrence Triggs, with the grin that always accompanied this silly joke.

"I accept the amendment," returned Gus Wasmuth, "but chiefly on account of poor Carl Neuer. He had an unfortunate marital experience."

(We hadn't heard it and begged for particulars.)

"Why, the girl he married turned out to be a professional pick-pocket."

Our General Cook who had thus far been silent sighed, but his eyes twinkled.

"Well," he observed, "I guess the rest of us drew some pretty clever amateurs—what?"

II

It was 1930 and Easter Sunday. Gus Wasmuth, the now famous successor of Billy Sunday was giving one of his famous orations on how to prevent a crop of wild oats. The services had just begun when as usual Harriett Wearly, now quite portly and as usual dressed in the height of fashion, enters. (Yes, it is still Miss H. Wearly.) She walks to her accustomed place or pew and finds it occupied. Her face aglow with indignation, she walks back to the usher, our famous Forrest Creager and sputters forth, "Excuse me, Forrest, but someone is occupewing my pie." "Oh, is that so?" said Forrest, "well, if you'll wait a moment I'll sew you to a sheat."

Just then Gus announced that Mrs. Wasmuth would offer prayer in his place as he had already put in two hours and that was more than he ordinarily worked except on fishing trips. "Jake."

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Palm Beach, Basket Weaves and Crash Suits

We Have a Complete Line of
Silk Shirts and Neckwear

LEE KAHN

"The Kuppenheimer House in Huntington"

Hornback's latest advice to Typewriting pupils:

If you would learn to write with
speed,
With accuracy and ease,
Keep your eyes upon the copy,
And your fingers on the keys.

The Modern Woman.

Grandma—"Shall I teach you how to make doughnuts?"

Debutante—"Yes, I'm terribly interested but I can't quite understand how to fix the inner tubes."

Star
Shining Parlor

Shoe Repairing

Hats Cleaned and Blocked

17 West Market Street

PHONE 1324

Kenny Geedy—"Ray, what made you so bow legged?"

Ray Applegate—"Father was a charter member of the prevention of disease association."

Kenny—"Well?"

Ray A—"He used to swat flies on my head."

Freshie's Lament.

Idabell B. is a chemist I know.
And so I'll have to drop her,
For every time I'm out with her,
My Silver turns to copper.

A little sighing, a little crying, a little dying, and a great deal of lying constitutes love.

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Plaster Board, Roofing
and Asphalt Shingles.

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Our Sodas are "Par Excellence"

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Paul Kriegbaum—"Can a person be punished for something he hasn't done?"

Mr. Tyner—"Of course not."

Paul—"Well I haven't done by Civics."

Experience.

Robert Wonderly—"Helen K, is some kisser."

Don S.—"How do you know?"

Robert W.—"I had it from her own lips."

A Good Start.

Rundell Glenn (applying for boys reserve)—"I've had 16 years experience in sowing Wild Oats."

Exclusive Millinery
at Popular Prices

Metzger Hat Shop

Concealment Boys?

Edna Cook—"Last week you told me that Harry belonged to a secret order. Well, he is a member of the Knights of the Garter."

Harriet W.—"Well I thought it was something that ought to be kept under cover."

Pleasing reflections are always assured to the wearer of
MALLORY HATS

Frank Felter

Specialist in Boys' Apparel.

Fifty-Fifty.

"Don't imagine," she said "that I would consent to be your wife just because I have permitted you to kiss me."

"Oh, very well," he replied, "but don't get it into your head that I am going to ask you to be my wife just because I insisted on kissing you."

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Wedding Gifts of All Kinds
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SCHAFF BROS. CO.

Pianos, Player Pianos
Victrolas and Records
Musical Merchandise

327 N. Jefferson St., Huntington, Ind.

"I've gota great mind to knock you down."
"Such language grates on my sensitive oil-factory nerves,
You should say 'I'd like to horizontalize your perpendicular.' "

Freshie—"I is—"
Miss Tucker—"You should say I am."
Freshie—"I am the nineth letter of the alphabet."

Idabell B.—"What tense is this sentence: 'I am beautiful'?"
The Brute—"I think it must be in the remote past".

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Flour, Feeds, Seeds and Coal

Phone 279

For Quality and Service Come to Us.

Olympia Candy Works

Home Made Ice Cream
Home Made Candies

Overheard In the Hall.

Jake Martin—"Hey, come here Tuesday."
Ray Ormsby—"Whatja call me Tuesday for?
Jake—"Cause Tuesday's meatless"

They Lived Happy Ever After.

"I love you," he shuddered into her beautiful shell-like ear.
"If that is the case, Guiseppi" she palpitated hysterically, with a glance at his civilian clothing, "Why don't you obey the call to arms?"
He took the hint.

Reichenbach-Wickenhiser Co.

Wholesale and Retail Hardware, Paints, Varnishes, Stoves, Refrigerators and Mechanics' Tools

When This War Will End.

Absolute knowledge I have none
But my aunt's washerwoman's sister's son.
Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a laborer on the street
That he had a letter just last week
Written in the finest Greek
From a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo
Who said a nigger in Cuba knew
Of a colored man in a Texas town
Who got it straight from a circus clown
That a man in the Klondike heard the news
From a gang of South American jews
About somebody in Borneo
Who heard of a man who claimed to know
Of a swell female society rake
Whose mother-in-law will undertake
To prove that her seventh husband's sisters niece
Has stated in a printed piece
That she has a son who has a friend
Who knows when this war is going to end.

—Exchange

RENNER BROS.

Huntington and Wabash

J. M. HOSLER
Barber Shop

"For Classy Haircuts, Fellows"

14 W. WASHINGTON ST.

Merrit Creager and Walter Grupe were absent the same afternoon. The next afternoon they brought their slips to Darnall, Meritt had a ring around the "B" and Walter a ring around the "A"

Darnall—"How does it happen that Walter has an "A" and you a "B"? Weren't you together?"

Meritt—"No, he was in the first row."

Mr. Byers—"Kendrick, your conduct is outrageous. I think I will have to consult your father."

Kendrick G—"Better not it will cost you two dollars. He's a doctor you know."

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A systematic Savings Plan, carefully followed, will accomplish surprising results.

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Prof. S.—"Herbert, do you play on the piano?"

Herbert A.—"Not while mother is around. She is afraid I might fall off."

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There is a very urgent demand for economy in woolens. It is really a patriotic duty to save every garment that can be saved. Let us help you make your old garments do.

Moon & Moon

MASTER DYERS AND CLEANERS — MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION DYERS AND CLEANERS

Mr. Byers to Gus Wasmuth—"Gus, I am afraid you are suffering from constitutional inertia."

Gus—"I always knew that it wasn't laziness."

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May 6 to June 14
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July 29 to Sept. 6

School Year 1918-19:
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Defiance, Ohio

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We Ask You.

"If you don't feel just right,
If you can't sleep at night,
If you moan and sigh,
If your throat is dry,
If you can't smoke or drink,
If your grub tastes like ink,
If your heart doesn't beat,
If you've got cold feet,
If your head's in a whirl—
WHY DON'T YOU MARRY THE GIRL?—LIFE

Mr. Stemen: "Does anyone know how iron was discovered?"
Forrest C.—"I heard father say that they smelt it."

We're told the movie
Kiss is sweet;
That flickers through
About ten feet.

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Real Estate
Loans
538 North Jefferson Street
PHONE 316

A river has a head and a mouth, but no feet. A mountain has only one foot but it has ears. Oh, but yes; a mountain has ears; you've heard of mountaineers, haven't you?

So Far So Good.

Virginia S:—"Don't you think Helen looks awful in that ultra low-cut dress?"
Ernest S.—"Not as far as I can see."

F-ierce lessons
L-ate hours
U-nexpected company
N-ot prepared
K-icked out.

Mary had a little waist,
Where nature made it grow
And everywhere the fashion went
The waist was sure to go.

BUY THRIFT STAMPS

and

LIBERTY BONDS

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Ambrosia Chocolates

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Earl D. Richards

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Outbursts of the Feeble Minded.

This thing of writing jokes each day
Has turned to mush our matter gray;
Oh, we feel foolish as can be,
A-B-C-D-E-F-G-

WHO?
But
No
Just
No
Once
No
Please
N—
Don, why don't you shave?

Mr. Byers—Now can someone give me a sentence using the word betide?"

Freshie—"The dog came into the house to be tied."

The Theatre Drug Store

for

Pure Drugs and Sundries

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The Military Back Coat is the latest Society Brand Idea.

D. MARX & SONS

Exclusive Agents.

Going For More.

Soph—"What's all the hurry, Fresh?"

Fresh—"Suter is overcome with gas."

Soph—"Going for a doctor?"

Fresh—"No more gas."

What Girls Won't Do.

Not a word had Mary said
But Mary's looks were killing
Mary's lips were rosy red
And Mary was quite willing.

"Jake" says it seems to him that Helen Walknetz and Kathleen Saal are diametrically different—

One or the Other

Zada—"Earl's been calling on me lately, what do you suppose it means?"

Mabel — "Can't say positively dear, either he loves you or his landlady has run out of coal."

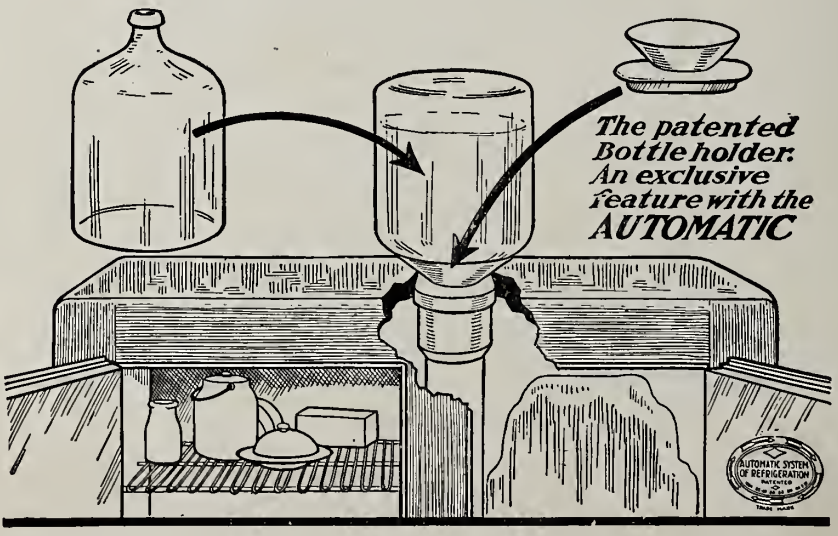
The mule is patient, fond of work
His virtues will bear sifting
Besides the business end of him
Is always so unlifting.

Sid—"I understand George and Dorothy have quit."

Doc—"Hows that?"

Sid—He called her Hun last night."

Come and see our line of REFRIGERATORS before buying.



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Place your order for your
next winter's coal
with us

PETER BRONSTEIN & CO.
Phone 473

Mr. Byers—"Helen that author you seem to be so fond of fairly murders the English language."

Helen—"How can you think so, Mr. Byers, I think his style is perfectly killing."

Your Hair

needs frequent Shampooing particularly at this season. We have every facility and convenience that would aid in cleansing and promoting the growth of the hair.

Why not patronize the

HALLER
BEAUTY SHOP

Miss Cox—"What made the tower of Pisa lean?"

Kathleen S—"I wish I knew, I'd like to try it."

Ed Weese (brilliantly)"—I always smoke Camels after dinner."

Bob Abbot"—Howzat?"

Ed—"You know they go so good on a desert."

First Senior—"Did you see that Freshie blush when he passed the Domestic Science Room?"

Second Senior—"No, what was the matter?"

First—"When he looked in he saw the salad dressing."

Try our Home-Made
Candies and our Sundaes with fresh
crushed fruit

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ALWAYS GOOD

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THE PURITY DRUG STORE

Best Soda Water in Town

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Freshie—"I woke up last night with a terrible sensation that my watch was gone, so I got up to look."

Soph—"Well was it gone."

Freshie—"No, but it was going."

Here's to Ansel if he loves his girl,
And loves his girl alone.
For many a time
Ansel loves another fellows girl
When he ought to be loving his own.

DR. F. R. HOUCK--Dentist--Over Furste's Grocery

Those New Fangled Names; "I have a heck of a time trying to get the hang of these new names" say Farmer Hornihand who has two daughters in college. "I can't never tell whether you cook stuff in a camisole or wear a caserole for a corset kiver!"

The Freshmen class wish to announce that they are the most patriotic class. Upon being asked what their favorite flower was, they retorted that in these war times they would cease such an extravagant custom and install "corn meal."

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HOME OF THE CEDAR CHEST

The Caswell-Runyan Co.

Sutter, rushing into the Coliseum after the game is half over, "What's the score?

Stemen—"Nothing and nothing."

Sutter—"Good, then I haven't missed any of the game, have I?"

Best

Confections, Candies, Cigars and Ice Cream in town

Geo. Guethler

Across from High School

OLD SAYING MODERNIZED

"My K "A bottle of grape juice, some cornbread, and thou."

"What is so rare as—a ton of coal"?

"My kingdom for a quart of gasoline".

"All the world loves—the coal man."

Mr. Tyner—"It is a shame the way that beauty doctor is selling those pretty girls gold bricks."

Mr. Darnall—"Entirely legitimate business, he is merely grafting peaches."

For

Millinery, Coats, Suits, Dresses Skirts and Blouses

of Exclusive Styles at Moderate Prices

SAMMEL'S

For Quality

Opp. the Court House.

Huntington's Greatest
Underselling Store

J. W. RODGERS & COMPANY
32 E. Franklin Street

Dr. Beck—"I suppose you would rather lick the kaiser than anyone else in the world."

C. Murray—"There's just one fellow I would like to get my hands on first."

Dr. B.—"Who's that?"

C. Murray—"The guy that hollered fire just as I got my clothes off for the physical examination."

SNOWTIME

Prof. Byers—"As you see Dante had a magnificent conception of Hades."

Voice from last row—"Gwan, Dante never had to go to an eight o'clock in the winter."

Howard Cox—"When I drew a picture of a hen in art the other day, it was so life like that when Miss Gray threw it in the waste basket it laid there!"

Some of our Freshmen are so lacking in height that it is impossible for them to say whether it's corns or headaches that bother them.

Out of Place

Love making is alright but then
At times it is practiced to excess,
I think t'were well if certain men
Would love themselves a little less.

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The Huntington Business University

STOP! THINK!

Would it not be wise for you to do so?

THINK!

School in Session the Entire Year
Come and See Me.

C. B. WILLIAMS, President

MAN'S DOWNFALL.

Time: Date Time.
Place: Guethler's Corner.
Cast: The usual bunch.

Wormy views his "ladye love" passing in a Ford with his hated rival. With despair and chagrin he realizes the situation. Turning to the fellows, angry determination stamped on his countenance he mutters, "Fellows, do you know what I have a notion to do?"

S-i-l-e-n-c-e!

"I have a notion to go right in here and smoke a cigar."

THE "TRACK" TEAM

Standing Broad Grin—Anthony Sicelia.

Standing Joke—Ansel Conarty.

Running Broad Sarcasm—Clella Scott.

Low Gurgles—Edna Cook.

Mild Run—Meritt Creager.

Throwing the Bluff—Carl Neuer.

Hurling Hot Air—Solomon Bronstein.

Long Slump—Chester Williams.

Delay Team—Mike Finn, Jack Caswell, Eiffel Plasterer.

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Why Gus Can't Go Back

Gus W. to Marie Nabors (Wabash)—"I've seen a fellow down here at the interurban station every time I came down for the past three nights. He looked so strange I finally asked him what he was doing here and guess what he said?"

Marie—"What?"

Gus—"Well, he said he was about to be sent up by a judge in Montana for a seven year term but the judge told him he could have five days in Wabash or seven years in the pen and he decided in favor of Wabash."

Marie—"Well, that was rather peculiar."

Gus—"I say so. I'd have taken seven years in the pen for mine."

Rex Morrett (in barber shop)—"Well, I guess you better cut my face and shave my hair."

Barber—"My, but that sounds barbarous."

James Klein—"I hear they are going to put a tax on the movies."

Gus W.—"Gee I hope they don't put them on the seats."

An old family friend visits the judge. "My, Edna, how you have changed! You were such a pretty baby."

(Note—We all know he meant how you've grown, Edna!)

Forrest (whose arm was broken)—"My bones are very patriotic."

Nina Burgett (the awe inspired listener)—"How's 'at?"

Forrest—"The bones are knitting."

Now is the Time, Young Man

to start a policy in the grand, old Northwestern Mutual Life. The policy company holders of America. Older men and successful men universally say to us, "Would that I had been wise enough to start my insurance early in life." That company is best which does the most for its policy holders—The Northwestern!

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The Huntington Light & Fuel Co.

The letter box was freshly daubed
A sign revealed the fact,
But passers by,
Each had a try—
How fresh paint does attract!

Sign painter working across the street,
His work was quite exact.
Budweiser Beer
Is sold in here—
How fresh paint does attract!

As we sat in the corner behind the palms,
I couldn't resist the act,
I touched her lips
With my finger tips,
How fresh paint does attract!

—Exchange

There Before.

She fell with a light sigh into his arms. Her head tilted backward and their lips met. She turned her head and spoke.

You understand don't you Jack, that I've never done a thing like this before?" she asked anxiously.

He thinking of what had just happened, "Yes but I was thinking what an awful lot you must have inherited from someone."

"Rundel, what are you doing with that baby?"

"A woman told mother that he was a bouncing baby boy and we've dropped him several times and he won't bounce."

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North Warren St. Sam Hart, Mechanic

"Yes."

"Yes" is a simple word spelled with three letters.

It has caused more happiness and more unhappiness than any other word in the language.

It has lost more money for easy lenders than all the holes in all the pockets in the world.

It has caused more fights than all the "You're a liars" that ever were spoken.

It has procured kisses and provoked blows.

It has defeated candidates and elected scoundrels.

It has been used in more lies than any other expression.

It is not meant half the time it is said.

Will it continue to make such a record?

Yes.

I arose with great alacrity
To offer her my seat;
'Twas a question whether she or I
Should stand upon my feet.

Humor is the consciousness of the nothingness of anything.

"I've sworn off smoking."

"Why?"

"It's getting to be too ladylike."

The loyal American citizen who saves now in order to buy more Liberty Bonds, increases his own and his country's welfare and security. We suggest that you deposit in this bank every dollar you can spare.

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Huntington, Indiana

The North Side Bakery

All baked goods made at this bakery are made according to government rules and regulations.

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Byers was talking to his English class about Solomon and his wisdom.

"When the Queen of Sheba came and laid jewels and fine raiment before Solomon, what did he say?" asked Mr. Byers.

Sol Bronstein could hardly restrain himself until he blurted out: "How much d'yer want vor the lodt?"

Helen—"He's a humbug!"

Merle—"Worse than that! He's a bum hug!"

"You back-biter," howled Father Tyner as he reached hastily for the flea.

Keep your backbone in line, and your health will take care of itself.

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Over Furste's Grocery

It was the morning after the dance. Howard Dill sleeps beautifully.

"You Howard," roared his father, "Get right up. Day is breakin'."

"Let—ha hum!—let 'er break. Don' owe me nothin'."

"Howard! The sum is up afore you."

"Uh-huh. 'S got further to 'n me."

He—"Margaret, there has been something trembling on my lips for months and months."

She—"Yes, so I see. Why don't you shave it off?"

Ansel—"When I changed from high to low—"

Leona—"I didn't know you had a car."

Ansel—"No, I mean shoes."

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Huntington College was founded in Hartsville, Indiana, in 1847 as Hartsville University upon the principles that it should be a Christian institution and second that its doors should always be open to every young man or woman willing to work, regardless of his financial support. When the buildings were destroyed by fire in 1897 the college was rebuilt at Huntington, Indiana. Its educational record has been remarkable in its distinctive and far reaching service.

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SCHOOL OF SPEECH affords practical training in oratory for platform work.
SCHOOL OF ART offers work in public school art, designing, basketry, leather-tooling and supervisor's art.

SCHOOL OF EDUCATION offers Classes A, B and C work. A thoroughly modern training school for teachers is maintained. The School of Education is accredited for Classes A and B. Every requirement has been met for accredited standing in Class C. A four year course for high school principals and superintendents granting the B. Pd. degree is proving popular.

COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ART affords thorough training in all advanced college courses. The Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science degrees are granted on the completion of the courses offered. The elective system affords breadth of training and freedom for specialization.

SEMINARY offering a strong course in Theology and practical problems of Christianity. SEMINAR courses are being emphasized. All students are urged to carry some seminar work in conjunction with regular courses.

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Junior Senior Banquet.

Wormy—"I say, Marvel, is your program full?"

Marvel—"Heavens, no, Glenn. It takes more than a glass of punch and two wafers to fill my program."

The Eternal Question.

Mr. Tyner was trying to explain the dangers of overwork to a Freshman.

"Now, John," he said, "if your father were busy all day and said he would have to go back to the office at night, what would he be doing?"

"That's what ma wants to know."

Lester (soulfully)—There are a thousand stars tonight looking down upon you.

Helen K.—Is my hat on straight?

Why We Lost.

Forest Creager, at the tournament, to Lawrence Triggs:

"Where were you during the basket ball game? Had a girl with you, didn't you?"

"Yes, I was whispering soft nothings to her."

"No wonder we lost! Whispering soft nothings, hey? When you should have been bawling rough stuff at the oposing team!"

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Many men hitch their wagons to stars, while others are satisfied with members of the chorus.

Virginia S.—"When you spoke to papa did you tell him you had $500 in the bank?"
Ernest S.—"I did."
V. S.—"And what did he say?"
E. S.—"He borrowed it."

A Real Summer Girl.

Edna Cook on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.
You'd hardly expect a girl, you know,
In summertime to be shovelling snow.

"Then this," asked Gus, "is absolutely final?"
"Quite!" was the calm reply. "Shall I return your letters?"
"Yes, please," answered the young man. "There's some very good material in them I can use again."

The Ungallant Summons.

"In the olden days a gentleman used to call upon a lady with much formality and stately ceremony."
"Well?"
"Now, he merely drives up and honks for her to come out."
Slam, eh? To a few(?).

Time for every woman to think about new suits and dresses.

The glorious outdoor weather will soon be here. Spring activities are starting up in earnest. Are you ready? It's good to feel fit, with something smart and new. You can save time and money by trading here, when you have the assurance of finding the best qualities and the last minute styles—priced less than equal qualities in any other store.

Great Quantities and Big Assortments of Newest Creations in Silk—priced less than present market price.

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"All that men desire, all the maker can give," will be found in these three makes.

DICK'S

Carrying His Audience With Him.

Miss Cox's wit generally enables her to practice patience.

George Albert, trembling with fear, rises to make a recitation.

"Miss Cox, Charlemagne was — Miss Cox, Charlemagne—Miss Cox, ——"

"Go on, go on," said Miss Cox. "as far as you have proceeded hitherto, the class is entirely with you."

They Do Their Best.

"Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives," quotes Myrtle Weber.

"Possibly," answered Elizabeth Kneipple, "but that isn't the fault of the maidens who get together in the rest room every morning."

Miss Tweedy—"Now, do you know what Christian did when he came to Hill Difficulty?"

Don Bowers—"Sure! He threw her into high."

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Thad Butler—"I see that old man Stockfeller has give $10,000,000 to one o' them colleges."

Gordon Cook—"Gee! Ain't it a shame to let the price o' two hundred million glasses o' beer go to waste like that."

Advice from "Buddy"—
My son, I've traveled 'round the world
And many maids I've met;
There are two kinds you should avoid—
The blonde and the brunette.

Jack Caswell—Couldn't I interest you in an automobile?

Ruth Drover—Perhaps you could. Come around in one some time.

Wormy—"Are you afraid of snakes?"

Stemen—"Well, I must confess, I'm a little afraid of a rattler."

"O, I'm not talking about your car."

Nothing Serious.

"Great guns! I've swallowed my collar button!" exclaimed Earl Fisher.

"Here, I'll lend you one of mine," answered Abe Johnson, with exaggerated indifference.

Mahoney—"Don't you know that you could be called a traitor for pounding that metal so hard?"

Herb Abbott—"Wha-a-a-t?"

Mahoney—"You might get the iron cross."

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Handshakes

By an Experienced Senior

My apartment has a little square entrance hall. This is where I stand under the yellow-globed electric light when bidding farewell to my callers. . . .

It is curious to notice the handshakes of different men. There is the matter-of-fact handshake of the casual acquaintance, it has nothing to say; and the brisk, hearty one of an old friend, which tells of perfect understanding; there is the lingering one of him who finds it hard to go; and the ardent one that bespeaks an all-too-certain confidence; and the limp one that resents defeat; and last of all—but no, HE does not shake hands.

A fellow's idea of complete homage to his present sweetheart is to shamelessly run down his former one.

There was a young woman who lived in a shack,
And all of her wages she put on her back.
When folks called it foolish to act as she did,
She merely smiled sweetly and bought a new lid.
She looked so bewitching, beguiling and fair,
She captured and married a young millionaire.
And now she rides out every day in her car—
Which gives the old maxims a sizeable jar!

From her honeymoon trip she wrote to Mabel, her friend and associate stenog.:

The clerk in this hotel is awfully nice. Think of it, he wrote opposite my name on the hotel register, "Suite 16," and I look at this pretty compliment several times a day.

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At the Commencement Dance:
Candles are gleaming,
High spirits beaming,
Ripples of laughter so low.
Inward joys swelling,
Soft werds are telling,
Thoughts that we two only know,
Make me your prince of men,
And let us dance again,
Sweetheart—my angel below.
—(By an Agitator.)

Hendrick—"It's all up with our engagement, dear. A fortune teller informed me that I'm to marry a blonde in three months."

Harriett—"I can be a blonde in three months."

John Moran, who had developed a fondness for "borrowing" cars for joy rides, was asked by Mr. Byers how he expected to get in to Heaven.

Johnny replied:

"Shure and that's aisy! When I get to the gates of Heaven I'll open the door and shut the door and and open the door and shut the door an' keep on doin' that till St. Peter gets impatient and says, 'For goodness sake, John, either come in or stay out.'"

Stiffen your backbone, set your jawbone, forget your wishbone.

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